

AMERICA

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Chronicle

Home News.—After rejecting a dozen proposed reservations, the Senate, on July 21, by a vote of 58 to 9, accepted the draft of the Naval Treaty signed by the American delegates at London. The only reservation adopted was the Norris resolution against "secret understandings."

The motion of Senator Walsh, of Massachusetts, calling for the building up of the navy to full strength during the next six years, as permitted by the treaty, was defeated. Immediately upon the acceptance of the Naval Treaty, the special session of the Senate adjourned. On July 22, President Hoover signed the document. The action of the United States, which was the first country officially to approve the pact, will probably help ratification in England and Japan. In addition to limiting the size of American, British, and Japanese fleets, the principal provisions of the treaty are: the elimination of one Japanese, three American, and five British battleships to bring about the 15-15-9 units ratio; arrangement for adherence of France and Italy on the same basis as the other Powers, should they succeed in adjusting their mutual differences; an "escalator clause" allowing any signatory to increase its tonnage when compelled by provocative building on the part of nations not signing, in which case the two other Powers may make corresponding increases. President Hoover has estimated the treaty will save the taxpayers

of the United States, Great Britain, and Japan \$2,500,000,000. But it will cost the American people \$1,000,000,000 to accomplish all the building permitted by the agreement. Without this expense there will be no parity between the United States and Great Britain.

The committee appointed by the House of Representatives to inquire into Communist activities in this country held its sessions, last week, in New York City. After listening to evidence of "Red" propaganda in the schools, the committee turned its attention to Communist attempts to get control of labor organizations. Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor, declared before the committee that the American Government was jeopardizing the interests and safety of the country by too much leniency with Communist agents who claim to be representatives of the Amtorg, the Soviet trading corporation in the United States. Other witnesses, including former Police Commissioner Whalen, affirmed that the Amtorg, which handles \$100,000,000 worth of trade between American industries and Soviet Russia, was not only lending assistance to Communists in the country but was obtaining visas for Russian leaders to come here, under the guise of business, to carry on an intensive campaign among dissatisfied groups. The Congressional Committee turned its attention to the Amtorg, and on July 22 began an investigation of that organization.

Bulgaria.—Bulgaria's reply to the Briand plan for a federated Europe is thus summarized by the Paris bureau of the New York *Herald Tribune*: (1) Sovereign national rights should not be affected. There should be early action on the minorities and disarmament questions. (2) An initial pact should renounce war as a regulatory influence and "all other means of pressure" except as approved by the General Assembly. (3) The Union should be based on protection and aid, political and economic, to the weak nations. (4) Turkey should be admitted.

China.—Because of conflicting reports from Nanking and Northern Alliance headquarters, it was difficult to form an opinion on the situation of the civil war. Recent dispatches indicated that both sides were preparing for another "decisive" battle in the vicinity of Tsinan, capital of Shantung. The Nanking Government seemed determined to drive the rebels out of this province, and General Chiang issued orders for an advance on Tsinan. Two divisions

Briand
Plan

Drive on
Tsinan

of troops were ordered from the Hunan and Hopeh Provinces to support this drive. General Yen Hsi-shan, in command of the Northern Alliance forces, also brought up additional troops to reinforce his army near Yenchow, which is south of Tsinan. During the week about forty British and American Protestant missionaries were removed from bandit-infested areas by the joint efforts of officials of both countries.

Egypt.—Premier MacDonald's note of warning to Egypt was rather coldly received. Sidky Pasha, the Prime Minister, insisted that the Government was both willing and able to protect foreign lives and interests and that the dispatching of British battleships to Alexandria was, in view of that fact, an unnecessary measure and hardly in accordance with the British policy of non-intervention. He further expressed his resentment at the inclusion, in Mr. MacDonald's message, of Nahas Pasha, the Wafdist leader and former Prime Minister. Nahas Pasha, in replying to the note, asserted that all parties in Egypt were concerned for the welfare of foreigners and blamed Sidky Pasha's Ministry for the entire trouble.

Rioting broke out in Cairo when a crowd attacked the police who had gathered to prevent a meeting of Parliament which had been forbidden by the King. Some lives were lost and there were a number of wounded. The expected meeting was not held but the Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies, Abdel Khalek Bey, presented a petition to the King requesting that Parliament be called into extraordinary session. The petition, it was said, was supported by a majority of two thirds in both Houses, but the King refused to grant it, on the grounds that it was unconstitutional.

Great Britain.—Great Britain's reply to Briand's proposal of a new European federation was made public July 17. While agreeing with the aims of the proposed federation, the British Government expressed itself as unsympathetic to the methods suggested by M. Briand. The chief objection to those methods, the note stated, was the confusion which would be introduced into European affairs by the setting up of another international body not controlled by the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles and quite independent of the League of Nations. Furthermore, the League was said to be fully equipped to handle all such problems as might be considered of genuine international importance. Fear was expressed, too, that a new international organization in Europe might easily lead to "intercontinental rivalries which it is important in the general interest to diminish or avoid." However, the British Government was careful to point out that the "comments and suggestions" of the note were by no means to be considered as its final pronouncement on the matter and it recommended the including of the Briand memorandum among the agenda for the next assembly of the League of Nations.—The Coal Bill, to which reference was made in AMERICA last week, was

passed by the House of Lords together with the amendment providing that the "spread-over" clause may be rendered operative only with the consent of the Miners' Federation.—After seven months of work the Government Committee on electoral reform, of which Lord Ullswater was the Chairman, was dissolved with very little having been accomplished. The members of the committee, apparently, were unable to find a basis of agreement for the reform. Lloyd George's proposal for re-apportionment of seats in the House in accordance with the total number of votes was unacceptable to the Labor Party and there was a further difference of views regarding the abolition of plural votes.—The House of Commons lost no time in ratifying the Naval Treaty Bill. The second reading was completed on July 23 and on July 24, after some disagreement in Committee with regard to Clause 2 which was finally agreed to by a vote of 190 to 58, the third reading was passed without division. The disputed clause repeals certain provisions of the Washington Treaties.

Hungary.—Count Bethlen, Prime Minister of Hungary and himself a Calvinist, repudiated publicly in the Hungarian Chamber of the Magnates statements made against Hungary by the Calvinist Bishop Balthazar of Debreczin, in a recent lecture in Paris. It was recalled that for some years past, Bishop Balthazar had been regarded as a disturber of the harmony between all the Christians in Hungary. The Bishop, it was said, on frequent occasions, directed his hatred against his Catholic countrymen, and compelled Catholic leaders to respond with vigorous protests. In an address before a group of French Parliamentarians in Paris, Bishop Balthazar asserted that nowhere in the world was there such a permanent conflict between Catholics and Protestants as exists in Hungary, and that nowhere did the Catholic Church have so much to lose as in Hungary. In Hungary, he declared, the Catholic Church had received its estates from the Hapsburgs, and she desired the restoration of this dynasty, lest she lose these estates. A Calvinist Magnate, General Stephen Horthy, brother of the Hungarian Governor, introduced an urgent interpellation in the Upper House, broaching with indignation the subject of the Bishop's hostile propaganda in foreign countries. In his answer to the interpellation, Count Bethlen made no secret of his indignation at the action of the Calvinist Bishop. The Prime Minister declared that the Catholic Church did not receive its property in Hungary from the Hapsburgs, but had held it from as early as the Middle Ages, and that the conclusions drawn by Bishop Balthazar were wrong and misleading.

India.—Hopes for better understanding between the Nationalists and the British Government were strengthened in various ways. Sir Tej Badahur Sapru and Mr. Jayaker, prominent Moderates in the Indian Legislative assembly, were accorded permission to visit Mahatma Gandhi, in jail at Poona, with the object of bringing about

Replies to
British Note

Rioting

Briand
Plan

Premier
Defends
Catholics

Signs of
Peace

a return of peaceful conditions in the country. Their visit was understood to be purely unofficial. In granting permission for the interview Lord Irwin, the Viceroy, reiterated the intention of the Government to oppose the campaign of civil disobedience but expressed his willingness to make whatever compromises might be possible. The two leaders conversed with Gandhi for four hours but when interviewed later refused to make any statement.—Addressing a meeting at Bombay, Vallabhai Patel, Acting President of the Indian National Congress, expressed appreciation of Lord Irwin's attitude of sympathy for innocent persons who had been injured in the riots and disclaimed any ill feeling toward Great Britain. "All we want," he said, "is the definite promise that our demands will be met, and if this promise is given I am prepared for a compromise."—In an interview with representatives of the press at New York, Msgr. Edward A. Mooney, Apostolic Delegate to India, declined to comment on the political situation in India but dwelt optimistically on the progress of the Faith in that country. The Catholic population, he said, is increasing at a rate of approximately 35,000 a year.

Ireland.—Before the adjournment of the Dail important legislation was enacted with regard to local forms of government and education. The city of Dublin is to be enlarged by the addition of the hitherto autonomous Townships of Rathmines and Pembroke and of other parts of the county. The position of Lord Mayor is also to be restored, together with the popularly elected Municipal Council. The Council will be composed of twenty-five members, five of whom will be specially elected to represent the business interests.—The Vocational Education Act, designed to further technical training, provides for attendance in Continuation Schools until the age of sixteen and also for the establishment of more scientific schools.

The Free State's reply to Aristide Briand's plan for a United Europe was received by the French Foreign Office on July 19. While agreeing with the principle of co-operation the reply went on to say that the League of Nations was quite able to achieve the aims for which the new Federation would be formed. "Conditions in Europe," the note stated, "and the sentiment of common interests are not yet sufficiently strong to justify the assumption that members of such a union generally would take the collective responsibility in problems which did not concern them individually." Attention was also called to the bond of sympathy already existing between Ireland and such other non-European countries as America and Australia.

Italy.—Shortly after one o'clock in the morning of July 23, Italy suffered one of the worst earthquakes it had had since the Messina disaster in 1908. Incomplete reports placed the number of dead at 2,000; over 10,000 injured; 3,000 houses ruined. Scenes of wild panic followed the shock which occurred while people were sleeping.

Broken gas mains, sputtering electric wires, and tottering buildings all added to the danger and the panic and took their toll in deaths and injuries. With Melfi in the Apennines as its center, the shock extended as far north as Foggia and Benevento and as far south as Potenza. However, the worst effects of the quake were felt in the mountain districts. As soon as Rome realized the seriousness of the disaster, relief was organized. The collapse of railroad tunnels, however, hampered the relief work considerably as the trains were delayed on their way to the stricken areas. The Vatican, too, joined in the relief work. After the first panic immediately following the shock, the situation was soon got in hand by the efficient work of police, firemen, Italian soldiers and Fascist militiamen.

Japan.—On July 18 one of the worst typhoons in Japan's history slashed its way across Loochoo and Kiushiu Islands in Southern Japan and swept unabated across Korea, leaving widespread death and damage in its wake. The gale, which at times reached a velocity of 100 miles an hour, smashed and sunk ships, threw down houses and caused landslides. Because of the storm, communications with the devastated areas was cut off and only incomplete reports of the damage could be obtained. Estimates, however, placed the deaths at over 300. Moreover, 11,000 buildings were destroyed, 750 vessels sunk, with a total damage amounting to \$50,000,000.

On July 22, the Supreme Military Council made its formal report to the Emperor on the London Naval Treaty. While this Council reported the Treaty as defective in regard to national defense, it was thought that the report was directed not against the Treaty, but against the Government, in defense of the naval prerogatives, and that it also aimed to force the Government to appropriate increased funds. The Treaty thus passed from the hands of the naval men and will be placed before the Privy Council for ratification or rejection. While some difficulty was expected because of the adverse report of the Military Council, it was thought that the Privy Council would eventually ratify the Treaty, especially since ratification by the United States was received with great acclaim by the entire press of Japan.

Mexico.—Members of the Socialist and National Revolutionary parties recently staged a riot in Juarez, in the course of an election for Governor of the State of Chihuahua. As a result of the fighting, two were killed and more than a score wounded. The Socialists claimed that officials of the National Revolutionary party, which controls the Juarez administration, took charge of the voting booths and would not allow Socialists to cast their votes. Hand-to-hand fighting began after a member of the Revolutionary party was shot to death. In the melee, in which women were conspicuous, several men were injured, one dying the following day from a stab-wound in the back. As a result of the election, Andres Ortiz, candidate of the

Recent Legislation

Briand Plan

Earthquake

Typhoon

Naval Treaty

Election Riot In Juarez

Revolutionary party, was elected Governor of Chihuahua.

Poland.—On July 21, representatives of Yugoslavia, Rumania and Hungary discussed at a conference in Sinaia a proposal for an agricultural selling pool of these three agricultural States in order to meet American competition in European markets. A memorandum from Poland, presented by the Polish Minister, Dr. Babinski, suggested the formation of an international agricultural Entente comprising all those states primarily interested in agricultural production. Referring to the present depression in markets as a proof of the need of permanent cooperation, the Polish memorandum proposed that the agricultural Ministers of Bulgaria, Estonia, Finland, Hungary, Lithuania, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Poland should enter negotiations for the formation of such an Entente, which would be of a purely defensive character. It was further proposed by Poland that these countries establish a permanent agrarian secretariat in Geneva, which would represent them in the discussion of agricultural question. The Yugoslavian Foreign Minister, Dr. Voyislav Marinkovich, endorsed the plan and stated that, in his opinion, a customs union was possible even under most-favored nation agreements.

Rumania.—The anti-Semitic persecutions which were reported as taking place in Bukowina, were said to be steadily growing in extent and taking the form of hostility to the Government, which was alleged to be acting in concert with the Jews. It was stated that the farmers in the Borsa District were being organized for open resistance to the Government. The leaders accused the Jews and other bankers and traders of exacting usurious rates of interest from the farmers despite the slump in agricultural prices. Conditions took such a serious turn that Premier Maniu convoked a Cabinet Council to discuss measures against the anti-Semites, who it was thought, were being incited to action by the Government's political enemies. Because of an attempt by a young student to assassinate Dr. Constantine Angelescu, acting Minister of the Interior, the Ministry of Education instructed the Provincial Prefects to provide lists of students who were participating in the disturbances and threatened to exclude them from Rumanian schools. It was believed that Dr. Angelescu's assailant was a member of the "Iron Guard," the nationalistic youth organization.

Russia.—Bitter complaints concerning the spoiling of vegetables in transport were voiced on July 21 by the Moscow press and the usual crop of arrests and decrees ensued. A monograph, prepared for the Federal Council of Churches, by "wide, first-hand observation," published on July 12, states that the present "food shortage in the Soviet Union is not due to war or to any exceptional national catastrophe. It is probably due to four causes: (1) The new revolution involved in the collectivization of agriculture which thus far has destroyed the surplus

production of the richer peasants faster than it has created new stores of surplus produce through the State and collective farms. (2) The rapid growth in demand for food, connected with the expansion of the cities and the big building projects which the Soviet Government is pushing forward with such feverish energy. (3) The continued exportation of such food products as eggs, butter, fruit, caviare, etc., although the total stoppage of this comparatively inconsiderable export would by no means solve the food problem. (4) The frequently unsatisfactory functioning of transport and cooperative distributive systems.

The Federal Council report discounts the legend that Communist antipathy to religion has been aimed solely at the Orthodox faith. Youth organizations and trade unions "direct their teaching along militantly atheistic lines." Churches are closed "by administrative order, fictitiously covered by voluntary desire on the part of the population"; and "Soviet youth is being made atheistic by every possible device of education and propaganda."

Vatican City.—A Vatican court's claim to jurisdiction in a labor dispute involving buildings in Rome belonging to the Vatican City State was denied, July 19, by a Roman Court. This court decided that, while these buildings enjoyed the same diplomatic immunity as embassies, they were still part of Italian territory, and were therefore under the jurisdiction of Italian courts. As no question of sovereignty was involved, no comment was made by Vatican officials.—On July 22, another dispute about jurisdiction arose concerning the powers, if any, the Vatican tribunal has over Italian subjects living outside Vatican territory, but employed by the Vatican. When Cardinal Vannutelli died, Vatican officials placed seals on his apartment in the Dataria Palace on Vatican territory. The Cardinal's heirs, with permission of the Vatican, removed his personal papers and entrusted them to an Italian employe of the Vatican living outside Vatican City. Later, Vatican officials placed seals on the trunk in which the papers were contained and ordered the custodian not to deliver them to the heirs without permission of the Vatican. The heirs immediately brought suit in an Italian court for restitution.

Leonard Feeney has at last sent in a piece, and from Ireland. It is called "Skheenarinka." He piously hopes, in reference to a recent Communication, that "it will revive the circulation of AMERICA."

G. K. Chesterton will set forth "The New Case for Catholic Schools." He shows without paradox how there can be a Catholic teaching of the alphabet and of arithmetic.

Hilaire Belloc has become reminiscent. He recalls his "First Impressions of Rome," when he first saw it twenty-nine years ago.

Irving McDonald will contribute "So He Failed." It is a story of a country doctor.

Trade
Union
Proposed

Anti-Semitic
Disturbances

Food
Shortage

Anti-Religious
Activity

Questions of
Jurisdiction

AMERICA

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The Law School and the Constitution

ONE of the sanest and most consistent writers on American constitutional law in this country is Thomas J. Norton, a member of the Chicago bar, and the author of an excellent text book for high schools and colleges on the American Constitution. In a recent issue of the *Chicago Tribune*, Mr. Norton regrets that the announcements of Summer courses, published by a number of prominent law schools, do not so much as mention the Constitution!

Six years ago, he points out, the Committee on Citizenship of the American Bar Association examined the law courses of twenty-four leading schools, and made discoveries which were appalling. In only eight schools was a study of the Constitution compulsory, and in two of these "attention is given to the purely commercial or legal value of it." Of the other sixteen schools, fifteen made it an elective, and one had no course of any kind on the Constitution. Examinations conducted by State associations showed a similar neglect. Examiners, the Committee reported, "very largely ignore the Constitution. In many examinations, no mention is made of it. In some cases, only three or four questions are asked."

Now it is commonly supposed that the lawyer must do much of our political thinking for us. At least, he must hold correct principles of government, live up to them in his professional life and by word and example diffuse them among the people. This has been true in the past. With some notable exceptions, it must be confessed, the great political leaders in this country, beginning with 1776, were men bred to the law.

If, however, the neophytes of the profession grow up, not only in ignorance of what the Constitution means to a Government such as ours, but what is worse, in ignorance of the fact that the Constitution, and not what a majority in Congress may vote, is the supreme law of the land, this influence will die. It is not too much to say that at the present moment it is near death, and the reason is to be found in the amazing neglect, or indifference, dis-

played for many years by our law schools. Conditions in this respect are probably better than they were at the turn of the century, but there is still vast room for improvement. In some institutions the study of the Constitution is still an elective which the hard-driven student, trying to acquaint himself with an enormous mass of fact knowledge, thinks he can safely eschew. In other schools, the course is either inadequate, or, unfortunately, in incompetent hands.

What can be done to bring a little light into the brain of the case-hardened lawyer is a question for which an answer cannot be easily found. Mr. Norton points out that the two child-labor acts, the two maternity acts, and other acts invading the constitutional rights of the States, were matters "on which the lawyer seemed to be without opinion." He might have specified other shockingly unconstitutional proposals, such as the original Smith-Towner Federal education bill, as well as the Federal vocational education act, all of which ran their course without protest from the American Bar Association, and, if we are not in error, without remonstrance from any local association. Here and there these measures were opposed by individuals, Charles E. Hughes, for example, but, on the whole, the profession seemed to have no opinion on them.

Once we can reach the conviction that this is a Government not of men but of laws, respect for the Constitution, and knowledge of its supreme necessity in a Government of limited and enumerated powers, will grow. To know the rightful powers of the Federal Government, Story thought it sufficient to refer to the Constitution. The rule is good, but of what use is it to a generation that has never learned to know the Constitution?

Saints in Large Families

SOME years ago, an article was published in this Review to show the remarkable number of instances in which a great man or woman was the third or fourth child of a numerous family. The compilation was useful as is evidenced by the fact that it has been republished in many parts of the world, and in many languages. That it has occasionally been reprinted without permission and without credit, may be set down to the poor memory with which good folk are now and then afflicted.

Writing in a recent number of the *Dublin Standard*, D. L. Kelleher approaches the topic from a slightly variant angle, "Saints Who Came from Large Families." Seventeen figure in the list, but Mr. Kelleher observes that as his paper is not the result of intensive research, the catalogue could be greatly extended. Among his Saints are Catherine of Siena, the twenty-first of a family of twenty-two (although some say she was the twenty-fifth of twenty-six children), Francis de Sales, the first of eight, Vincent de Paul, one of six, Teresa of Avila, the third of nine, Margaret Mary, the fifth of seven, and Ignatius Loyola, the last of eleven children. St. Paul of the Cross was one of sixteen children, mostly boys, and his mother used to survey them with pride and call out, "May the Lord make Saints of you all!"

It will probably be said that in those days it was possible for a mother to take care of a large family, but that times have changed. They have, but human nature and the grace of God are the same as ever. Were courage, self-control, and heroism the exclusive property of the past, we might well despair.

Women Wage Slaves

NOT much has been heard of late of the campaign to build up more labor unions in the South. We hope that the campaign has not been abandoned, since certain sections in that part of the country are in sore need of instruction on the elemental principles of social justice. The most recent indication of this ignorance is furnished in a folder issued by the Birmingham Industrial Board, of Birmingham, Ala. It bears the repellent title, "A New Reservoir of Woman Labor."

Its authors are greatly perturbed over the fact that in Birmingham fewer women are employed in shops and factories than in any other American industrial city.

What should be a source of gratification is to these gentlemen apparently a source of regret and shame. For the community which forces its women into gainful occupation outside the home, is a community that is headed for broken homes, neglected children, vice, crime, and higher taxes to pay for the upkeep of jails and relief associations.

It must be admitted that, under the present economic system, not only women but, often, children as well, must work in shops and factories, in order that a bare sustenance for the group may be obtained. It is a cursed necessity, that must be borne with for the present, but never approved. The old ideal of the father as the provider for the family, and of the mother as the conservator of the home, is passing, and with it much that sustains the home and civilization. The very notion of a living wage, paid to one provider, is rejected in some quarters. In its place we have the family wage, which means that the mother must leave the home for gainful employment, and that the children too must be put to work at the earliest possible moment.

It is perfectly obvious that this theory ends in the destruction of the home, and the creation of a servile class. If that is what Birmingham is not only ready, but anxious, to bring about, one can only say that Birmingham is led by blind leaders. The Industrial Board regards the unemployed women of that city as an army from which not wage earners, precisely, but wage slaves, can be easily drawn. "The wage scale necessary to attract these unemployed women is far lower than that existing in centers specializing in women labor," the Board states. "Should professional and clerical classes be eliminated, the average pay for women per week would not exceed \$10."

We do not for a moment believe that the plans of the Birmingham Industrial Board have been approved by the people of that city. They are significant, however, since they represent the fixed purpose of the owners of invested capital in many industrial centers, who are more

reticent than the Birmingham Board. Factories giving employment on a large scale to women and children do bring a certain semblance of prosperity, but it is a semblance only. The worth of any city is based upon its homes, and when women must spend their days or nights in the factory, the home loses that which makes it a home. What the Birmingham Industrial Board is really planning is not a happier and more prosperous Birmingham, but a labor camp, built upon the ruins of the homes that now make Birmingham a civilized community.

Expensive and Useless Education

THE money spent on schools in this country indicates that we believe in the necessity of education. The results, however, indicate that much money is spent on what is not education at all. As the largest single item in any city budget is for the public schools, and as larger appropriations mean higher taxes, it might be thought that these expenditures would be scrutinized with extreme care.

But they are not. Most Americans think that costly, if not magnificent, structures are not only essential to education, but a guarantee of education. We believe that all that is necessary for the creation and maintenance of an educational institution is plenty of money. The original Smith-Towner bill was frankly and openly built on the principle that there was no educational ill which could not be cured by the salve of Federal money, and no educational advantage that would not bloom and burgeon under the same Federal patronage. The current bills on this subject are cut from the same bolt. Without exception they reflect that very amiable American delusion which makes a well-filled treasury the cause, and a faultless educational system the result.

This is the reason why an issue of bonds "for educational purposes" is the easiest of all bond issues to "float." It is the reason why huge and often wholly inappropriate structures are erected for elementary schools. It is the reason why of all children under God's sun, our American children have been the most bewildered and the most bedeviled by fads and fancies, schemes and hobbies conceived in laboratories called teachers' colleges, and applied by tender-hearted but determined fanatics, convinced that this newest scheme of all is the short cut to wisdom, peace and happiness. There is no teacher of a decade's experience, who cannot number half a dozen of these devices. Quite commonly they necessitate new books and new equipment, and perhaps a new bond issue. They boil over with all the fervor of a bottle of soda water when the cork is pulled. A year or two later, they have all the sparkle and vitality of that same bottle left open in the sun. Then a bottle with another label is uncorked.

At the 1930 meeting of the Association of Mayors of New York, the topic of school costs was brought up. George W. Knox, corporation counsel of Niagara Falls, stated that as his city devoted about thirty-five per cent of its expenditures to the schools, he thought that school-board demands were becoming excessive. Much of this

money, he contended, was used, not for the benefit of the children, but "to erect monuments to the high moguls of the Department of Education at Albany." In the spirit of "after me the deluge," one of the mayors rejoined, that if the people wanted these monuments, and were willing to pay for them, how could objection be raised? The topic was then referred to a committee, which is a polite way of conveying it to the guillotine.

Mr. Knox is fighting for a cause doomed to defeat. For the good will and intelligence of the teachers in the ranks, we have the highest respect. But the public-school system is part of the political system, which means that in one aspect the schools are the prey of politicians and in another, the prey of builders, contractors, teachers' colleges, psychologists, supply houses and other individuals and corporations with something to sell. How well these merchants have succeeded is a melancholy story in many an American community.

In the scramble for place and appropriations, the needs of the child, and the interests of education, are apt to be pushed to the background, and any one who complains is silenced by the eloquent and complete reply that he is not a good American. It is rather amusing, viewed from a cynical angle, but distressing when one thinks of the child, and of the true meaning of education. Nor should the mounting cost of city government be forgotten.

The Communists' Private Property

IT has been said that the Communist as we know him along the Atlantic seaboard is not really a Communist, but merely a base imitation. This statement we have hitherto declined to accept, deeming it no better than so much ill-natured gossip.

Recent events cause us to revise our attitude. When the members of the Fish committee sailed up the Hudson a few days ago, to pay a visit of friendly investigation to several Communistic summer camps, they met a reception which indicates that the New York Communist is true to the genuine type. We can hesitate no longer.

First of all, they were treated with a discourtesy which ordinary persons, careful for the ordinary civilities of life, would consider extreme. Good manners seem as foreign to Communists as good morals to the Soviet Government. In the next place, the Congressmen were told in no uncertain language that they were on "private property." And, finally, the appalling lack of logic apparent in the discourses to which they were treated, is quite of a piece with the lack of logic displayed by Communists of whose orthodoxy there can be no doubt.

These orators laid great stress on the woes of the poor, and referred with feeling to the spectacle of 8,000,000 people "starving to death" in the United States. But their rostrum was a summer camp on the banks of the lordly Hudson. Advising the Congressmen to use their appropriation to relieve the unemployed, they never reflected that they too might relieve the unemployed, by the proceeds derived from the sale of their summer camp. Protesting against the right of anyone to hold property,

they fiercely asserted their own right to hold property. These are real Communists, beyond all cavil. Their lack of humor alone suffices to prove the contention.

Secret Business "Deals"

WHEN last week an Ohio court ordered Eugene G. Grace, of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, to disclose the amount of his annual bonus a battle of three days was ended. The issue arose from an attempt to enjoin the merger between Bethlehem Steel and Youngstown Steel, and the claim was made that nothing had been said at the time of the agreement about a bonus for Mr. Grace. It is now known that not only Mr. Grace but six other officials were paid a bonus which, in one year, amounted to nearly three and one half millions of dollars.

The bonus, in the form of extra pay for extra work, or for unusually good work needs no justification. On the other hand, the bonus can be equivalent to what is known in non-commercial circles as "graft." When directly or implicitly approved by the shareholders, the bonus is licit, unless it forces the price of a commodity to a level which is unjust to the consumer. When, however, the practice is concealed from those who have a right to know it, we have a simple case of fraud.

That, apparently, is what happened in the Bethlehem merger. After Mr. Grace had stated the amount of his bonus, the presiding judge recalled President Purnell, of the merged company, to the stand to ask, "Did the directors of Youngstown know about the Bethlehem bonuses before they voted for the merger?" The answer is recorded by the Associated Press:

Purnell said they did not.

"Do you mean to tell me," asked the court, "that when the directors of the Youngstown company discussed this merger in their hearing, they did not know at all about the bonus?"

"No, sir," returned Purnell.

We shed no tears over the woes of the Youngstown directors, but this answer shows that they were induced—in the absence of a juridical decision, we will not say fraudulently—to sign an agreement binding them to financial payments of which they had been studiously kept in ignorance.

The incident illustrates many morals in the industrial field. Perhaps the outstanding is the difficulty which courts and public officials face in trying to obtain full information with reference to any corporation. When hard-headed business men, contemplating a merger involving millions of dollars, cannot obtain it, what chance is there for the understaffed and, occasionally, not overly intelligent, public-service commission?

Yet if this information cannot be procured, a corporation engaged in the sale of public necessities has the public at its mercy. It can pay salaries and bonuses out of all proportion to the work done by favored officials, and recoup the expenditure by raising the price of its commodity. If taken to task by the commission, it has an easy defense, as experience has demonstrated, by pleading in the courts the much abused doctrine of confiscation.

Is there no deep warning for us in the Bethlehem case?

The Students' Sodality Convention

CECILIA MARY YOUNG

BY one of those strange coincidences which make striking contrasts in history, two events were exactly, precisely one week apart. Thursday, June 12, my attention was drawn by a group of young people directly opposite my windows in my apartment house, laughing and chatting on their porch and drinking refreshment out of tall green glasses. There were a bevy of thirty or more, and all representatively "collegiate" in appearance.

Friday morning at two, my attention was further attracted to the group. They had become maudlin: no longer the gay banter of laughter and chatter, but inside in the living room, the group surrounding the table near the door were shrieking and emitting yells like Apache Indians; the porch was given over to a group giving first aid to a comrade who "had passed out." He was being rubbed with ice. At last a taxi-man was summoned to the porch, and with the aid of one of the steadier brothers he carried the prone, stiff boy to an awaiting cab. Next a young man emerged, steadied himself on the balcony railing directly opposite my window, started to take the long flight of stone steps . . . when down he slithered to the stone pavement below.

He had no sooner picked himself up when another youth emerged from the noisy interior of the "party" and he was bearing on his back a young girl, unable to walk. In a very thick voice she bade him loudly to take care of the stairs, and by that time, feeling rather jaded and ill myself, I drew the blinds and retired . . . not to sleep, the roistering was too distracting for peaceful slumber, but to meditate upon American youth. And even my proprietor was no consolation. "Nobody pays rent for sleep any more. You expect too much; everybody's got to have a party once in a while! The young people must have their good times; what can you expect? When young people get together they all must have whoopee!"

The next week, Friday, June 20, I came into a group of Catholic students, 2,000 strong, gathered from the four quarters of the continent. I heard all manners of accents, saw various types of faces. I heard the leader of this big Sodality Convention, the Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J., bring the meeting to order and at the outset, his message for the three days' session of this convention of boys and girls, young men and women, convening in a large hotel in the heart of Chicago was very simple; he said something like this:

"We trust you: but I am going to warn you that if just two of you cut loose during three days, if you are not in your rooms at a quarter of eleven, if you are noisy, or do not comply with either the regulations of this hotel or the rules of the Sodality it means that we shall never have a convention like this again in a down-town hotel. We have never done a thing like this before. But, as I say, we trust you."

The business proceeded. There were no promptings or

initial steps advanced by any older person. Many asked that "the science of Religion be made more impressive in our courses and more practical as applied to our present lives and our future adult lives." Apostleships of charity were stimulated, and aids to missions suggested, cooperation unanimously pledged with the Catholic students' Mission crusade; pledges were also given to support the Catholic press and to put down the pernicious and pagan in literature. A stripling of twelve or thirteen years in shrilling boyish, yet compelling, voice asked that the *Queen's Work*, the official organ of the Sodality, run a column telling of "Moving pictures that are fit for us to see!" and the chairman promptly promised to act on the suggestion.

Able and interesting questions and debates continued earnestly for three days and three nights, from Friday until and including Sunday night June 22, conducted entirely by these young people. The heat was suffocating, for Chicago suffered from an unusual heat wave with temperature soaring in the hectic 90's, and even in the largest assembly rooms of the hotel the capacity was taxed beyond comfort.

In the early morning these young delegates gathered around the altar, for His Eminence, Cardinal Mundelein, had given gracious permission to have an altar erected and Mass said daily in the hotel parlors and here all participated in the dialogue of the Mass, the *Missa Recitata*, the entire congregation saying the responses. They showed their devotion to their Eucharistic King and spoke of their aims in this regard towards greater devotion all during the Convention.

I saw these delegates quite often on the street, sight-seeing and shopping in the stores, or riding on the buses. There was a dignity and a difference in the bearing and in the faces and eyes of every one of them, greatly in contrast to young people I have met in hotels at other conventions. Between sessions when there were recess and moments of recreation in the little private parlors and exhibit rooms I thought to see some of the college girls relaxed with cigarette between their lips. I seemed to forget, with my blunted sense of all young people being alike and requiring their freedom and an opportunity to *be themselves*, that Catholic girls who practised and lived close to the virtues of the Blessed Mother practised heroic discipline to keep closer to Her and did not make use of false pose or stimulation to appear *mondaine* and "peppy." That these young girls were peppy and peppery enough was apparent in many a discussion with collegiate young men, when the girls were admirable in well-tempered and brilliant argument.

I heard young boys and young men speaking the name of Mary as the young knights of old spoke the name of the most exalted Lady . . . with reverence and with love. I heard a young boy of broad and youthful brow clearly defend the doctrine of Mary's Immaculate Conception

against heretic-like objections which his confreres staged for him, so that he might demonstrate how the Jesuits of St. Mary's, Kansas, teach their students to *know* and to defend their religion. Still another lad from Spring Hill College in Mobile showed by an eloquent speech that their professors spare no pains to make religious study practical. There were other speeches just as loyal to the students' respective schools and practical religious training. And at night, I heard them sing—songs set to the tunes of popular songs, adapted by Sodality members to be used as "get-together songs" for the Sodality meetings. And how they sang!

I had been away from America for three years and had been told, and observed, too, that young people had taken things, wisely or not, into their own hands. For one year I had been forced to live in hotels in various cities of America where I have been confronted with conventions of many kinds, some from high schools and colleges, and

with parties every week given by high schools and colleges; and a "party" and a convention in a hotel far from college rules and "profs.," means only one thing—with the Maine Stein Song as the theme song.

With their guiding principal, "Devotion to Mary," as their watchword, these young sodalists who convened in the Palmer House at Chicago this summer of 1930 builded better than they knew. They not only have constructed a future program for definite spiritual leadership—but they have established a record at this large down-town hostelry that is unprecedented in the annals of school and college conventions. By their example in social bearing, in decency and dignity, they have left behind an indelible impression of their spiritual leadership and all without any waving of banners. Their example was quiet and unostentatious but the seed is already stirring in Chicago's arid soil: Chicago, originally dedicated to Mary Immaculate by an intrepid Father Marquette.

Malta and the Silly Season

WILFRID PARSONS, S.J.

SUMMER is the silly season in the newspapers. Editors who can usually scent a fake a mile off now welcome it with a headline. Nature wonders, sent in by official and unofficial propagandists for summer resorts, receive a cordial welcome, and even achieve front-page boxes, with the summer resort's name in a prominent position. Flagpole sitters, marathon bicyclers, tree dwellers, and other forms of juvenile waywardness, are grist for the silly season. A Lindbergh baby is a wonderful gift from a merciful Providence. A Turk, who claims to be 156 years old, arrives on these shores, and is played to the limit. Gang murders, almost too frequent to chronicle outside the place of occurrence, acquire a new value when a newspaper reporter is murdered.

The foreign correspondents have been at their best. Italy is reported to have sought a military alliance with Germany in case of war with France, and France is said to have sought special favors from Germany in the same eventuality. What obscure motive in a Foreign Office impelled the planting of such a rumor will perhaps not be known for years, but while it lasted the story was worth a bonus to the correspondent. The motive for a dispatch in the case of Hungary was a little clearer. It was reported that ex-Empress Zita had issued a circular among Hapsburg adherents that the coming of age of Prince Otto was to mark his accession to the vacant throne. To give the story plausibility, the papers printed a Budapest dateline at its head. Readers did not have to wait for the inevitable refutation to disbelieve it. But it made good reading for the silly season.

The Church has not been spared. A dispatch from a place in Spain recounted an excavation under an old ecclesiastical seminary which revealed hundreds of human bones buried in the cellar. Recall the tales of walled-up nuns and the dungeons of the Inquisition and you have little difficulty in recognizing the parentage of that story. The reporter may be given, however, a slightly higher

mark for some originality in his details. Shortly after that stunt, an aged writer with a respected name, Poultny Bigelow, delivered to the New York *Herald Tribune* a story of his interview with the King of Italy, in which he declared himself able to recount nothing the King had said, a peculiarly silly-season type of interview. Mr. Bigelow, who recently went to Doorn to apologize to the Kaiser for what he once said about him, goes out of his way to fling some insults to the Pope, "whose dogma denounces every free or public library." Incidentally, Mr. Bigelow also tells his readers: "In our last presidential election Mr. Hoover won by an overwhelming popular majority because he represented in America the liberal (*sic*) and tolerant (*sic*) maxims which the people of Italy, etc." Mr. Bigelow's use of adjectives betrays an almost inhuman ability to get things the wrong way around.

Two weeks ago, the respectable Manchester *Guardian* outdid the American papers and registered a remarkable scoop. Its Paris correspondent discovered that Cardinal Bourne and Cardinal Verdier had signed a mysterious document the preceding Sunday, which "one or two people in political circles" considered of the "first importance." The correspondent asserts that a "certain mystery" surrounded the signing of the document, which was designated as the first step to an "ecclesiastical league of nations." No French agency sent it out, it seems, and no word of it was published "in any French paper." It was understood that the document was signed at the express desire of the Pope himself. Naturally there was room for some excitement in newspaper offices, and the dispatch was widely commented on in many countries. The organization of a political Black International was rumored.

What was the truth of the report? There exist two Catholic societies, one in England called the "Society for the Maintenance of the Apostolic See," and one in France

called the "Volunteers of the Pope." Their aim is identical: to help the Pope in his universal apostolate by prayer, distribution of pamphlets and the collection of money for charitable purposes. On June 29, at a beautiful ceremony in the Basilica of Montmartre, before a huge concourse of people, the two Cardinals, as presidents of their respective societies, signed a pact of mutual help and intercourse for their members. The Catholic daily, *La Croix*, carried a full account of it, with pictures, the weekly, *La Vie Catholique*, played it up the Saturday before, and the *Daily Mail*, published on the continent, ran accounts on June 28, 29 and 30. Every possible effort was made to broadcast the ceremony, and the two Cardinals went straight from the Basilica to lay wreaths on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. In view of all this the comment of the *Guardian's* correspondent was particularly silly: "It may perhaps be inferred that Cardinal Verdier did not wish the news to be published."

Malta, of course, has been the star exhibit of the silly season, and it may be well to dwell on it a little. Some months ago, a violent conflict broke out between the Church authorities on the island and the Prime Minister, Lord Strickland, who is Count della Catena in his native Malta. The Holy See was appealed to by British authorities to send a special investigator to the island and did so, in the person of one especially pleasing to them, Msgr. Paschal Robinson, now Papal Nuncio in Ireland. Archbishop Robinson's report was very damning to Lord Strickland. The Archbishop-Bishop of Malta, Msgr. Caruana, and the Bishop of the adjoining island of Gozo, Msgr. Gondi, joined in a pastoral declaring that Catholics could not vote for Lord Strickland and his candidates, under penalty of grave sin. The Holy See informed the British Government that Lord Strickland was *persona non grata* to it. The British Governor of Malta, Sir John Ducane, postponed the elections, which would have resulted in overwhelming defeat for Lord Strickland, and when the Maltese Supreme Court declared that this action was illegal, the Imperial Government stepped in to save Lord Strickland and declared the Constitution suspended, with the Governor as dictator and Lord Strickland as his advisor. Meanwhile the British Minister to the Holy See, Mr. Henry Chilton, was removed to another post and Foreign Minister Henderson declared he would be in no hurry to appoint his successor. There the matter rests.

But the papers raged. The *London Times*, venerable at least with age, led the ballyhoo. Rarely has so much tendentious stuff been printed as sober news. The American papers were on the whole reserved in their news and their comments, but the impression remained that the Church had blundered badly, had interfered in politics, and had been generally tyrannous. The Protestant press left no stone unturned to hurl opprobrium on the Church, and in doing so was led by its writers into many ludicrous errors.

The one important fact in the whole controversy was quite generally overlooked. It is this. The Catholic Church is the Established Church of Malta, as it is of Quebec, and as the Anglican Church is of England, and the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. This fact, the re-

sult of a solemn compact, gives the Catholic Church a privileged position in Malta that it enjoys in few other places. The Bishops and clergy sit in Parliament, and on the other hand there is, in the Cathedral of Valetta, on the Gospel side of the altar, a throne. It is not the Archbishop's, which is on the Epistle side. It is King George's throne. It is worth noting, too, that Archbishop Caruana is a Brigadier General in the British Army, and has been knighted by the Crown. Both he and Bishop Gondi are patriotic Britishers. The situation is a typical one where there is union of Church and State, and had been a peaceful one for many decades, until in 1927 Lord Strickland became Prime Minister.

Lord Strickland is thus the central figure in the row. Who is he? He is, on his father's side, a member of the junior branch of the Catholic family of the Stricklands of Sizergh. He has been a famous trouble maker all his life. He was shunted about from one post to another in the British colonial service—he is a man of real ability and courage—but he left each post behind him in turmoil. After leaving his last position, he returned to Malta and founded the Constitutional party. On October 25, 1921, one of his papers—he owns several—offered a prize of money for anyone who would give the best reason for the removal of the then Bishop of Gozo, and another to anyone who would reveal facts of immorality among his clergy. The incident was typical. The Vatican White Book recounts a long series of similar ones. In August, 1927, he became Prime Minister. He is a practical Catholic, but openly avows as his platform that all public men must be anti-clerical. His difficulty is that he practises his anti-clericalism in a place where the Church has many constitutional privileges, and where the overwhelming majority of the people are Catholics.

Under a Conservative Government in England the whole affair would have passed off as a tempest in a teapot: Lord Strickland would have been allowed to be peacefully defeated in the elections and to pass from the scene. But the Labor Government has too many obligations to its anti-Catholic, Nonconformist constituents to act thus wisely. Besides, it is engaged in a desperate struggle with Catholics in England over its attempt to deny Catholic schools equal rights in the Kingdom. Mr. Macdonald's Cabinet has kept the fight alive, for purposes of its own, at the expense of the constitutional rights of the Maltese.

Much praise has been showered on Strickland for his refusal to allow passports to the Franciscan Father Micallef, who for grave reasons which the Holy See charitably covers in silence was ordered by his Father General to leave the island. Father Micallef is a British subject, who voluntarily took vows limiting his liberty of movement. Strickland's act was a deliberate interference in the rights which the Church enjoys by law in Malta. Much has been said of a pro-Italian party in Malta. This was given the lie by the Secretary for Colonies himself, Lord Passfield (Sidney Webb), who vigorously vindicated the loyalty to Britain of the Maltese people and clergy. Much has been made of the Holy See's declaration that Strickland was *persona non grata*. Such choice of words would

probably have been unwarranted, and certainly not made, if the Catholic Church was not by Imperial constitutional right the Established Church of Malta. Much, finally, has been shouted about the Bishops' "forbidding" the Maltese people under pain of sin to vote for Strickland. The Bishops did not "forbid." What they said was a fact before they spoke. They *declared*—and what they declared was admittedly true—that Strickland's course was harmful to religion and so it would be a sin to co-operate to continue him in office. The individual conscience was already bound by this fact before they spoke; as teachers of morals they reminded the people of their obligations. Their right to do so is guaranteed by British law.

What reflections does the silly season suggest? Not to believe the newspapers? No; it is the silly season, and everybody understands. It would be a good idea, though, if we had some central bureau of news in New York for the purpose of supplying facts to the papers, the editors of which are as eager to have them as we are to furnish them. They should trust us to keep propaganda out of our releases and to stick to fact, and we can trust them, outside the silly season, to smell the propaganda out, if we fail.

The Story of Jim Torrey

R. A. GALLAGHER, S.J.

JIM is gone. The swish of the rope as it uncoiled, the clang of the iron trap against the ceiling below, the dull thud as the weight of the body drew the rope taut, a racking shiver, a half-gasp, and it was over. Jim had paid the terrible price of crime. The State was avenged. Society was righted. Jim is gone from us, and let us hope that he will spend his twenty-second birthday in a better home.

During the gruesome hours of the death watch, besides preparing himself for the last big trial of Judgment, where as he put it, "he knew that he would get a break from the Lord," Jim spoke words of wisdom born of death. By nature he was a retiring and reticent youth. He rarely commented on his charge, the trial, or his sentence, so it was with some surprise that I heard him say on that last night, "The State has made me what I am, Father, and they are almost as much to blame for this crime as I am." He saw that his words were beyond me, so he continued. "Now I am not squawking and I will take my medicine as best I can, but I have a reason for what I said." So he curled up on the tier-bench and told me his reason.

"About five years ago I fell for the first time. I was out of work and needed a little money. I stole some copper fittings out of an abandoned shop and sold them. I was caught and thrown into the city jail to await my hearing and my trial. That was the beginning of the end for me. I met there the men who made my future. I sat there in open-eyed wonder day after day and listened to old criminals tell tales of their many successes. I heard of hot jobs that even a baby could make. I was let in on plans and sworn into a secret membership. For

two months I went to school—a school of crime. I learned tricks from masters in the art of highway robberies. Burglars taught me the works of clean get-aways and better covering-up. I was given names of men and places on the outside where I could get real protection and dispose of my loot.

"Now for my larceny. On a plea of guilt I received two years in the State reformatory, and it was the same old story—only worse. What a place that reformatory is! Boasting was the spirit of the place and I found myself boasting of crimes that a short time before I never even knew the names of. I got sick and tired of the life there and decided that I would work my way out by the merit system, and I did. I came home, but things were different. The police were after me all the time. People looked at me as though I was something to be feared. Then I buckled right in the middle and gave up. I started on a career of crime and this is the end. Yes, the State made me what I am. I should never have been thrown into that city jail. I was just seventeen. I did wrong and I was willing to take some punishment, but that was not a punishment. That reformatory is a hell-hole and don't let them tell you otherwise. It was only disgust with the place that made me try to get out of there. Perhaps my story will help somebody else. Tell the State not to throw kids into jail and leave them there. Tell them not to put them in that reformatory. I think I would have gone right if I had not been put in those places."

Jim had finished the longest speech that I had ever heard him make, and again looked off in his wistful way, waiting as it were, for the reaction on me, but he saw that I was befuddled, and as I tried to stammer out some cold remark on justice and law and other people's rights, he took me up. "Sure, Father, I have thought that all out and I realize that I had something coming, but did thirty-five dollars' worth of copper call for the punishment that I got? Why, for the first week in this jail I cried every night in my cell. I was sorry. I just know that I would not have stolen again. Why couldn't they give me another chance? If I only had fifty dollars I could have paid that bondsman, but there was only myself and my mother and she was working like a slave trying to get a fee for a lawyer who was going to defend me.

"I often wonder, Father, if the people who put me in jail and cried for my conviction were ever in this place. I wonder if the judge at the hearing knew what he was saying when he told them to hold me in the city jail for the State! I wonder if Judge W., who accepted my plea of guilt and sentenced me to the Reformatory ever saw that place or knew what it was like. I wonder if the Governor who refused my first petition for parole knew what was going on in the reformatory. I wonder if the people—but what's the use? They've been putting kids like me in those places for years and then wondering why we come back again. But let's forget this now.

"What were you saying, Father, about bringing me Holy Communion in the morning? You can tell the Sheriff that I don't want any breakfast; and you'll go right up to the trap with me, won't you? And you'll be

sure that they keep mother away from here in the morning-and-and"—but Jim for the first time in the two years that I knew him broke down.

I answered his last questions and gave him a short talk on the Mother of Sorrows on Calvary. He shook himself and straightened up, for Jim was a strong-willed fellow and this little cry was good for him. I shook his hand and left the cell block, but I could not face the guards

until I had wiped away something warm that was filling my eyes. And all the way home Jim's words kept coming back to me, and even today they are still fresh in my mind. "The State has made me what I am." "Tell them not to throw kids into jail and leave them there." "I wonder if the judge ever saw that place?" "They've been putting kids like me in that place for years and then wondering why we come back again."

Are Bolsheviks Dangerous?

JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.

AN anxious, wondering, little creature opened the door, as I inquired last autumn at John Teslar's—a long, upwinding road it had been to reach the home of that dying Communist farmer. "Papa says you may come in," she announced after some kind of secret consultation; and peered in silence as I entered the utterly bare, cold room, adorned with nothing but the sardonic face of Lenin, and a gaudy party testimonial in a fly-specked frame on the blank wall. "Comrade Teslar . . . Attested by witnesses . . . Workers . . . unite . . ." stood out in embossed, underscored letters; evidently planned after some Baptism or Confirmation certificate.

Comrade Teslar's feverish eyes wandered to and from the words, which now and forever more were for him merely meaningless reminders of nothingness . . . to the face of the unexpected visitor, whom, on principle he *had* to abhor . . . to the questioning eyes of little Elsa, for whom he had no last message, no counsel for the future, only the meager hope of a "job" somewhere, some day. Even the best-meaning "fellers" she had been taught to distrust.

"No God!" he cried, clutching the quilt. "But Communists: they fool you all the time: take all money: all promise. Ol' man Rubatch next door: he dumm Catholic; but all his kids stay with him and old woman happy . . ."

Today, learning of the Fish Committee and its investigating activities, I think of that cry of disillusionment, and ask: "Just why are Bolsheviks dangerous?"

By "Bolsheviks" we do not mean all those persons who hold radical or subversive theories, or act as though governed by radical doctrines. Otherwise we should have to call college sophomores "Bolsheviks," when they walk away with the front gate to the Dean's residence on Hallow-e'en. The question is of a concrete group of people, who adhere to a definite, highly dogmatic body of doctrine. These tenets are, in short: that class warfare is essential to society and the key to history and economics; certain other Socialist or Marxian doctrines, such as the restriction to the collective State of the right to own property; integral State paternalism, extending in the most absolute sense into the field of the family and of education; the necessity of world revolution; a defined movement towards the proletarianization of society; and—last but not least—militant atheism, which sets no limits but those of temporary expediency to the warfare against the very idea of God.

The combination of these beliefs, held not as mere

theory but as a practical program, constitute the Bolshevik "ideology." Their acceptance as the creed of an active organization, controlled from the Komintern—and, practically from the supreme Political Bureau in Moscow—constitute the Bolshevik *in re*.

Are they, that is, these specific persons, dangerous? Again we need to state what we mean by "danger." The practical question is that of proximate, immediate danger. What can they do *now*, in the United States, under our Government and laws and our present circumstances, that is evil? The question of what they will logically be brought to do, or the further logical consequences of their actions—though useful for the more thoughtful student—is apt to lead the average man afield. For such questions may be raised about all believers in anything, or in nothing. The Klan raises it about the Catholic's belief in the (indirect) civil authority of the Pope; the conservative economist as to the implications of the more radical forms of farm relief, and so on without end. It is speculation as to the *ulterior* which, in passionate or unstable minds, often leads to fanaticism. The practical question in such an inflammable issue as Bolshevism is of the reality here and now. And the reality may be reached by certain exclusions.

Physical violence. Whatever "pineapples" are lying around, ready to blow us into eternity, are being monopolized, for the most part, by underworld organizations far more competent than any Communistic groups. These latter are too few and weak to count against the police.

Attacks (by word and writing) on our Government and institutions. Our Government has ample means to defend itself and the nation's institutions against destructive criticism. There is no revolutionary sentiment in this country sufficient for Communists to work on with any immediate effect.

Perversion of school children, by the fomenting of insubordination, etc. As Mr. Edward R. Maguire, of New York Public School 61, remarked, in his testimony before the New York session of the Fish Committee, "this thing is dangerous, not in what it has accomplished in the schools, but in that it is inspired from Soviet Russia, has lots of funds, and is directed by able minds." The children "become fanatics and there is no arguing with them or convincing them." Hateful as this evil is, it can be offset by proper influences within and without the school hours; by the cooperation of the parents; by adequate religious instruction; and, most of all, by actual

Catholic schools; while, at the same time, proper measures should be taken to cut off the propaganda at its source.

Mockery at religion. Communist anti-religious propaganda, in this country, though peculiarly malicious, is not as insidious as that of less suspect sources. The writings of Mencken, of Harry Elmer Barnes, the mass-produced "little books," and the mere deadening stuff of the "confessional" type of cheap magazine, have more religiously destructive effect, for the average American mind, than the crude and monotonous gibes of the Moscow-inspired Communist party organs.

Interference with legitimate business: by the spread amongst the laboring classes of radical doctrines, the fomenting of strikes, etc. There can be no excusing of, or parleying with, Communist labor tactics. "In Passaic," said Commissioner Wood, "the purpose of the Communists was to make all the trouble they could for the workers and the public and then get out. It was the most cruel strike leadership in my experience." And in Gastonia: "the Communists led these poor workers into a losing strike without intending to negotiate for them. The Reds used Gastonia merely as means to raise money and as propaganda . . ."

Nevertheless, whatever notable results the Bolsheviks may achieve in this line point not to their intrinsic strength, but directly to lack of enlightenment and Christian principle in our American policy towards labor. Doubtless one ground of the extreme anti-Catholic fanaticism of the professional agitators is their consciousness that the Church has actually the solution, in her social program, of those evils which they exist to exploit. To base, therefore, our fear of Bolsheviks on the ground of protection to business interests; to urge, as did a recent correspondent in the *New York Times* (Mr. Ranulph Kingsley, July 16) that we can counteract the Reds "by convincing our workers that they are more happy and fortunate than are any workers in the world," is to hand the "Reds" a trump card on a silver platter; since it confirms their contention that all opposition to their doings is from capitalist fear of Communist competition.

Destructive, and dangerous in the long run, as are all these tendencies in themselves, our immediate anxiety, in our country and at this time, it seems to the writer, is of a somewhat different kind: it is the danger of *illusion*. As a people, we are not easily inclined to the "anti," except in circumstances of exceptional distress and strain. The history of the Democratic party is sufficient proof of that. And, by the corresponding history of the Republican party, we show that we are won easily for the "pro," for the promise of good times coming.

Seen coldly or nakedly, there is nothing to impress even the most enthusiastic American in the constructive program of Moscow. Stripped bare, reduced to exact formulation, it is singularly jejune. Few of us feel much attraction to becoming a nation of unpaid farm hands and factory workers, even with a wilderness of day nurseries, psychologically expert kindergartens, and sanitary public kitchens to console us for having no front lawn of our own to mow after supper on a June evening.

But, clad in a haze of emotional mentality, the gaunt

Soviet skeleton can look debonnaire. Such a haze is created by confused issues; for which the class-warfare program can be counted upon to appeal to the discontented. It is created by a particularly brilliant course of advertising, salesmanship of a project through skilfully planned demonstrations, heralded by literary output, manifolded by films, window-dressed by "touristic" appeals to the novel, the distant, and the unusual, combined with the reassurance that all is just as at home here on the farm; that it is a little plan of the Russian "home folks," etc.

The fanatical touch, which appeals to the bitter, can be gently broadened to the messianic vision, which captures the philanthropically inclined, the socially minded, as well as the crudely money-minded. For Bolshevism's appeal is not to the ignorant alone. Bolshevism, in spite of its assertions, began not as a movement of the "masses," but as a program handed to the "intelligent" classes. As a recent writer, Baron W. von Blumenthal, remarked, the "representatives" of the people, who, under the Kerensky regime, refused to listen to the warnings of the aged Patriarch Tikhon, "were no proletarians, but were recruited from the 'leading' circles of the Russian educated classes . . . at least sixty per cent were of the educated classes."

Except under the stimulus of real grievances plus intensive propaganda, the American workingman is less apt to take up with the illusory positive program of Bolshevism than is the half-baked, semi-leisure-class mind; and is quicker to drop it when he has given it the try-out. But the latter group can furnish an increasing number of persons ready to swallow schemes to transform the world by throwing all power into the hands of the State and basing all on materialistic philosophy. And the thoroughly deluded man is a danger to himself and his neighbor.

A sober report recently issued by the Information Service of the Federal Council of Churches points out that the "imposing new Soviet industrial structure is being reared on a narrow basis as regards food and raw material." It is being reared on a still narrower basis of rational life-philosophy and religion. To combat the growth of delusion, it is not enough merely to expose the system's weaknesses. The abolition of real injustices must take place, which offer the leaders of the movement a handle for their preaching. Since the Soviets seek to impose their doctrines chiefly on youth; and use youth as their chief means to impose them on others, we, in our turn, need to see that our youth, and our Catholic youth in particular, are made fully alive, by Catholic ethical and economic teaching, to the things which alone can offer a sound basis for industrial or any other structures.

DUTY

There is no time, oh Lord, for me to do
The things I want, to pray to You,
To paint the loveliness of everything,
For if I paint, I cannot sing;
I cannot think if I would dance;
Then must I, Lord, leave love to chance!
I cannot have if I would give;
I have just time enough to live.

KATHERYN ULLMEN.

The Working Girl's Problems

CATHERINE MARTIN

II

IN last week's issue I set forth the conditions under which working girls earn a living. I now wish to consider the general situation of the white-collar workers of both sexes at this time when unemployment has assumed such large proportions. Their particular problem is both piteous and appalling, but in order to understand it, one ought to consider it from a broad point of view, and, so to say, from both sides, because employers have also causes for complaint, and are not so very wrong when they lament over the difficulties they experience in finding efficient help.

The entire question should be examined from an impartial point of view; its responsibilities ought to be placed there where they belong; and the importance of the problem should neither be exaggerated nor minimized. It is easy to talk about low wages and inefficiency, but it is quite another thing to do so without allowing hysteria free rein to transform what is fast becoming a serious problem in our economic existence into a mere lamentation about evils for which no one seems so far to have found or even sought a remedy.

The first point to be considered is whether it is really so difficult to find efficient office workers, and whether the low salaries they are offered, low in comparison with what general workmen, such as painters, masons, bricklayers, and so forth, are earning, has something to do with it. The reply to this question is that while this is undoubtedly the case, yet it does not entirely explain the general inefficiency of women office workers, which is also due to the fact that, as I have remarked in my previous article, the profession is overcrowded, and that in addition many undesirable elements have lately been introduced into it.

Girls, with but a faint knowledge of typewriting and stenography, imagine that working in an office is more "genteel" than being a cook or housemaid. In addition they all, or mostly all, hope that in this office they will find a rich husband as happens in the movies. And they carry with them the fixed idea that this mere fact of working in an office, transforms them into "real ladies," (the expression is not mine, but was overheard by me in a concern where I was employed) from the very first moment that they seat themselves before a desk, even if this happens to be only the information desk. They do not care for their work, they do not see in it a means of livelihood, they look upon it as upon a means of obtaining, I do not say of earning, money to buy new clothes, and of marrying at last somebody, the office boy when he grows up, in default of the boss, if the latter proves recalcitrant to the attacks made upon him and his virtue.

It is quite evident that to girls of such a type, the big companies do not think it necessary to offer what we would call a living wage. On the other hand it is absolutely true that no one can exist nowadays on twelve or

fourteen dollars a week, and that such small salaries are simply an enticement to immorality.

It is all these different circumstances put together which bring about a condition of things that may easily have disastrous consequences, not only for the office worker, but also for his employer, who may, thanks to it, find himself when he least expects it, confronted by difficulties for which he is unprepared, and which may put him in a most unpleasant position.

So far very few people have given serious thought to the large number of office workers employed in the United States. They are over three million, out of which we find 500,000, if not more, in Greater New York alone. This number is only inferior to that of the miners, and constitutes the second most important group of workers in the country. But while miners, factory hands, painters, bricklayers, and carpenters, are organized into labor unions that look after their interests, and do not allow salaries to drop below a certain level, the office workers prefer to fight their battles alone and individually, and to look out for themselves in order to obtain an improvement in their working conditions, or a raise in their salaries. They are, thanks to these tactics, entirely at the mercy of their bosses, who can discharge them according to their whims or fancies, and often do it, without even giving them the two weeks' notice to which they are entitled. As things stand today, the office worker has no redress against any injustice meted out to him, and he is only allowed to perform the duties allotted to him, without being offered any reward for his effort to satisfy his employers. In the big organizations, such as life insurance companies, for instance, men and girl workers are treated absolutely as machines, in spite of the free lunches, dental care and medical help in case of sickness, which they are supposed to receive. And whenever they venture to make any complaint, they are instantly dismissed, without the least compunction on the part of their employers, who know but too well that they can immediately fill their places out of the thousands of men and women who are waiting for a job and are quite ready to take it up, for even a smaller salary.

It is not difficult to guess the consequences which such a state of things carries along with it. The office worker loses every interest in his or her work, performs it mechanically and carelessly, which of course leads his employers to complain that it is no longer possible to find intelligent and conscientious help. It is a vicious circle, in which everybody is turning, but out of which no one tries seriously to escape.

From time to time, however, there arises a voice of protest against such a deplorable condition of things, and some well-known writer or philanthropist raises a cry of indignation at the manner in which the office worker is being exploited by the big companies that employ him. But this attempt to appeal to the sentimental side in the

nature of the general public, is hardly ever followed by any practical result. It is the voice that cries out in the wilderness, and while everyone hears it, hardly anyone listens to it.

The office worker himself is very well aware of the difficulties that confront him. One hears him constantly express himself in envious tones about the hardships of his own condition, compared with the relatively easy time manual workers enjoy. He forgets, however, that the latter are protected by their organized unions.

Why then have these badly treated office workers also not organized themselves in order to be backed by a union of some kind?

There are several replies to this question. For one thing, such a union exists, although few people are aware of the fact. Then, for the generality of white-collar workers, the very word *union* suggests something which, according to their ideas, ought not to be patronized by "gentlemen and ladies." There is also another prejudice against what is called "the rapacity and greed of the working classes," and a prevailing conviction that organized labor must be fought, and that people with capitalist holdings or sympathies must fight it, in order to avoid destruction.

The large companies, and here is where they make their mistake, encourage this point of view. They do not care for unions becoming popular among their employes, and they do their best to accredit the notion that these unions are in sympathy with Bolshevism and Communism. The employes are aware of this fact, and know also that they would in all likelihood be promptly discharged if they tried to join such a union, and as a consequence keep away from the one already existing.

And yet, in reality, a union working in conjunction with the American Federation of Labor is the best safeguard we can have against Bolshevik influences. It is in fact the only remedy that can be opposed to the spreading of Communist doctrines, which otherwise, may, thanks to the propaganda carried on by Moscow all over the world, imperil its safety to an extent that the man in the street does not even suspect at the present moment.

To these doctrines office workers fall an easy prey. The fact that their profession is overcrowded, and has been overcrowded for a long time, has not prevented thousands of people from joining it, thanks to this mistaken idea that it is the only one fit for gentlemen and ladies. In addition to this, there are quantities of men and women, unable to earn their daily bread, because they have not been trained for it, or because they are too ignorant to follow a career requiring solid instruction, who have tried to master the mysteries of stenography, or to handle a typewriter, and proclaimed themselves fit candidates for office positions, as soon as they had acquired a rudimentary knowledge. Such people, instead of representing an asset in an office, are precisely the reverse. Their ignorance renders them liable to any bad influence. They become the tools of professional agitators, who are far too clever to come out openly with their pernicious teachings, and who get others to pull out of the fire for them the chestnuts they want to eat themselves.

And here arises another question: Can these agitators be subdued, by what means, and by whom?

The reply is right here. Communists and agitators can be subdued by a cooperation between big business and the trades unions now existent. It is only such a cooperation which can save big business from the danger of being one day wrecked by the very people whom it employs at ridiculously low wages. This is evident to anyone who has given himself the trouble to study the position of white-collared workers, not only in New York, but in all large towns in the States. One must not forget that, apart from the dissatisfaction at their small salaries which exists among office workers, there are other reasons to make them impatient and rebellious. There is the formidable question of age which also plays its part. Today it is absolutely, or nearly absolutely, impossible for any man or woman over forty to find employment in an office. It is equally difficult for a girl or boy under twenty-five to do so. There are consequently only fifteen years during which they can hope, except under exceptional circumstances, to be regularly employed. A human being thrown, at a time when he feels he can still be of use to the community, upon the mercy and charity of the world, becomes inclined to resentment against a society and a business system that have reduced his period of activity to just a few years, during which he could not, thanks to the small salary which he received, lay aside sufficient money to keep him from starvation, when he finds himself, so to say, thrown upon the ash heap.

Unions can certainly help to solve such problems, by furnishing big business with good and conscientious workers. A cooperation between them might avert many dangers. It might bring about this amelioration in the scale of salaries offered to white-collar workers, which is so essential especially where women are concerned, not only from the material, but from the moral and religious point of view. What can one expect from people who lack sufficient time even to pray? Yet this is what practically takes place every day in New York and other large towns, where girls have to keep body and soul together with the miserable pittance they get now, which is not sufficient to live upon, although it may prevent them from dying.

PRAIRIE BIRTH

I was born on the prairie;

I know how a partridge rises

Like a bullet out of the grain field.

I have watched the coveys of quail

Running along the road

In front of a loaded wagon,

And the wagons hurrying to the barn

Ahead of the rattling hail.

Here the valleys lift

Toward pine-swept peaks above them;

I hold my peace when their dwellers

Disparage the level sod.

Canyon and cliff are vast;

My heart is glad that men love them,

But no less for me on the prairie

Has rested the hand of God.

GRACE STONE COATES.

Sociology

Pinks, Reds and Other Pests

JOHN WILTBYE

WHEN I was younger and took no harm from the night air and late hours, I used to amuse myself by prowling about town looking for radical meetings. I do not remember what these meetings were called; they were not precisely anarchical, and we did not speak of "Reds" or "pinks" in those days. Probably I grouped them as "Socialistic," a convenient term then and now, but I recall that some were held by an association named for Ferrer, the Spanish anarchist.

New York was as free in those days—or almost—as Hyde Park. You might say anything you liked, whether it made sense or not. The meetings were often quite bizarre, especially when the speech making would be interrupted, and you were treated to a scene or two from Ibsen or Strindberg, or to a merry little skit dramatized from that Russian novelist whose name I should not be able to spell, even if I could remember it. All of his characters go crazy, or commit suicide, or starve to death. It was interesting, but I never could quite understand what it had to do with unemployment in New York.

Sometimes these gatherings were not so amusing. The wrongheadedness of it would come home with force, and pity for the poor dupes who applauded nonsense filled your heart. One night I went to a meeting somewhere on the lower East Side at which, the *Call* had announced, the subway strike was to be considered, and plans discussed to get the strikers back to work on their own terms. Probably not many of the strikers were present, but if they were they could not have found the proceedings very helpful. With tremendous earnestness, one speaker proposed to blow up the subway; and while I had often been tempted to do that very thing myself, it seemed, on reflection, an odd way of getting the strikers back to work, since the jobs would disappear with the subway. A second speaker rose to approve, and added the Brooklyn bridge and the old Waldorf-Astoria, for good measure. "Then we'll all go over and turn out the rich and sleep in the Waldorf ourselves," said this remarkable man.

When the war drew near, plainclothes men fell into the habit of following me home, and of asking questions of the neighbors. I was just considering the advisability of finding some other kind of amusement, when the careful city authorities began to see ghosts in every soap box, and these meetings ended. The last, I think, was the much heralded meeting in Madison Square, at which Emma Goldman was to deliver a speech full of dynamite. But that meeting turned out to be a wet squib, for Emma found it convenient to be elsewhere; and after some poor creature had fallen from the speakers' stand, foaming at the mouth and shouting "Save me! Save me! I'm a Mason's daughter!" the police cleared the Square. Meanwhile, introduced by Harold A. Content, then chief assistant in the United States district attorney's office, I had been chatting with some Federal secret service men who had shadowed me home one Sunday afternoon from the

commencement at a Ferrer school out in The Bronx. They were never quite able to make up their minds, I think, whether I was just a harmless sort of maniac, or an Anarchist heavily disguised.

These old memories have been stirred by the hearings in New York conducted by the Fish investigating Committee. The Committee will probably give the country much information about social unrest which it does not possess, and about the malcontents who are feeding it, and that is good. Unrest is coming to a head, and we may soon find firing squads in the streets. I cannot help hoping that a few bullets will bark one or two editors who are trying to persuade us that the country was never wealthier, or the masses more contented. To perceive these Pollyannas running for cover, would lighten the murk of a gloomy scene.

One point on which convincing testimony has been received should be emphasized. The "Red," the Anarchist, the advocate of change by bullet and arson, is never a friend of the worker or of organized labor. A few years ago, these vermin began boring into the labor unions, and in some instances they did much harm. It must be recalled that a strike settled equitably is the last thing a Communist wishes. It is his business to stir up discord, and when he can no longer do that, his job is at an end. He and his press agents have occasionally served a good purpose by compelling the public to take an interest in glaring examples of social injustice. But even in these cases—the strike in Passaic is a notable example—they usually stir up so much needless antagonism that they end by alienating public sympathy from the strikers. And without that support, as they well know, any strike must fail.

It is probably true that the number of Communists in the United States is not large; Federal agents estimate that they do not exceed 30,000. Most of them seem to be in New York and in the industrial cities in the Middle West. But the disturbance they can create should not be estimated solely by their numbers, but also by the determination of their leaders to make trouble wherever possible, and by the aid and encouragement which, doubtless, they receive from the heads of the Soviet. Their propaganda among children in the public schools (which is not infrequently viewed with complacency by adipose principals preening themselves on their liberal views) is but one example of their highly dangerous schemes.

That we are nearing a grave crisis, may well be admitted. The crisis can be overestimated, but it can also be taken too lightly. How are we to prepare for it? How can these anti-social attacks be most effectively met?

On many occasions, AMERICA has urged that the best way of fighting the social malcontent is to give him nothing to be discontented about. That counsel, doubtless, is wise, but organized industry and the State do not put much stock in it. The practice is mostly away from it. Even schemes so excellent in purpose as provision for destitute old age, through pensions or outright grants, must seem futile, when we know that penniless old age (and many other social ills as well) cannot be avoided, under an economic system which relegates justice and

charity to a minor position, when it thinks of them at all.

Wealth continues to be piped into a few large pools, instead of being sluiced into as many small pools as possible. Business insists upon being "big," and hence grandiose schemes for mergers and consolidations crowd out plans for continuity of employment, and for the more equitable distribution of profits. In recent years, "big" business has gone far in centralizing the sources of such absolute necessities as light, heat, power and transportation, and, more recently, we begin to see the same process aimed at the control of foodstuffs. With growing success in achieving these ends, "big" business becomes more unwilling to submit to reasonable restrictions imposed by the State for the common good. This reluctance has in some instances gone to the point of insolence and refusal, and, in a few, beyond it. With the Federal courts so delicately sensitive to property rights, and, often, so utterly callous toward human rights, where is this capitalism to end?

Every man of sense must approve the principles laid down by Leo XIII in his Encyclical on the Condition of Labor. Not much, however, is being done to reduce these principles to practice. An earnest effort in that direction is the beginning of the only effective warfare against radicalism.

Finally, two lines may be suggested which point in that direction. The principles of the Catholic Church on the social problem must be taught in all our colleges, and, as far as may be possible, in our primary and secondary schools. Next, let us work for and support every State and Federal policy which, consistently with the Catholic principles referred to, is calculated to keep within bounds the organized purveyors of public necessities and utilities.

Education

Our Endowment in Teachers

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

THE University which recalls the memory of the intrepid Marquette has once more stirred the admiration of the well-known newspaper correspondent, James O'Donnell Bennett, of the *Chicago Tribune*. Not content with the merited tribute published some months ago, he devotes a special article to Marquette University and its work in the *Tribune* for July 6. And that article points a moral.

Mr. Bennett is properly impressed by the University's "physical plant," by its five thousand and more students, drawn from thirty-two States and fourteen foreign countries, by its press, by its stadium, and by its faculty of some 400 members. To the worth of all, he pays due homage; but it is obvious that there is something in the University which impresses him far more deeply.

It is what he styles "the pre-eminent value" of "the ecclesiastics on Marquette's faculty," the ecclesiastics in question being members of the Society of Jesus. No churchman, as he confesses, but "only a groping pagan," Mr. Bennett hopes that he has "sufficient humbleness to be further humbled by the example of my friends, Doc-

tors Fox and Magee and McCormick and Grace and Berens, and a score more." He quotes lay experts who estimate that the services of these men "would make an annual salary roll of about \$125,000, or the equivalent of an endowment of nearly \$2,500,000."

The average reader and, I fear, the average Catholic, will draw from that estimate nothing more than a suspicion that Marquette has hit upon an easy method of recruiting a model faculty. Marquette has found that method, it is true, but Mr. Bennett sees in their services something infinitely more vital to education than an equivalent endowment. He calls it "their example of self-obliterating devotion to learning and ethics." These scholars give their lives and their services to the University. In return, observes Mr. Bennett, they receive "food, clothes, and extremely plain lodgings—a bed, a bureau, a clothes press, a writing table, two chairs, and a bit of plain carpet on the otherwise bare floor of the little bedroom. Precisely that. The rest is toil—with a simply marked grave at the end of the journey." And the moral of Mr. Bennett's discriminating tribute is that the school which can give its students the daily example of men like these, gives them something which is unique in its power to educate.

Dissenting in no essential point from Mr. Bennett, I would merely observe that his panegyric should not be restricted to Marquette. *Mutato nomine*, it is true of any Catholic educational institution in the country.

Travelling from Boston to the Pacific, by way of New York and Chicago, and passing through New Orleans on his return, the observer would everywhere find the same devotion to "learning and ethics," the same self-sacrifice, the same content with honest toil and dignified poverty. Without its endowment of Religious men and women, our educational system could not be maintained for six months, even if on their withdrawal, we had at hand—which we have not—properly trained faculties to take their place, and serve as they did, without salary.

For, apart from the very pertinent consideration that Religious give their services without pay, being content with bare sustenance, a deeper and really essential fact must be considered. These men and women not only make education their life work, but they have undertaken it, and are sustained in it, by the most powerful motive that can give purpose and color to life—love for God and man. As they look for no reward, human motives neither disturb their serenity, nor cramp and narrow their activities. True, they are ambitious, but since their ambition is to be of service under the guidance of a superior officer, it is not the sort that serves self instead of serving the cause.

It is well, then, to consider the saving which is effected by our endowment in teachers, but better to reflect, with Mr. Bennett, on the rare educational effectiveness of their example. Most consoling of all is it to remember that as long as our aspiring girls and boys flock to the Communities devoted to education, this most precious of all endowments cannot fail us.

But if one group among our teachers may be singled out for special praise, I should name the Sisters and Brothers in our elementary schools. If theirs is not,

absolutely speaking, the most important field in education, it is, at least, the widest, and in very many respects, the most difficult. We are warned not to dispute about the relative rank of the Saints, and hence it is wiser, perhaps, not to essay to rank the different groups that make up our endowment in teachers. Devotion is common to all, but the Sisters and Brothers are preeminent, I think, in humility and poverty.

The holder of a chair in a great university, or in an approved college, cannot divest himself of the honor that inheres in his very position and academic rank. But no such honor comes to Sister Mary Joseph or to Brother Xavier. Day by day they strive with painful, loving toil to teach little boys and girls to read and to write, and to love God and their neighbor. Day by day, they face situations which might make the stoutest heart to quake, and which call for the wisdom of Solomon, and the patience of Job. In our large cities, particularly, where the home is waning, responsibilities which by every title belong to parents, are placed upon their willing but overburdened shoulders. Their skill may be no less than that of their learned brother in the university, but their labor is often heavier, and their lack of human recompense more absolute. They are cheerful, contented, happy, because they are allowed to work. They have poverty and toil and many humiliations—and Our Lord—and so they count themselves rich indeed.

Even barer than the room of a Marquette professor is the cell of the teaching Brother and Sister. Indeed, they may not have a cell, for the sleeping place of many is a common dormitory, and their study an open community room. But glorious and beyond all praise is their work for education. If we have a parish-school system today, it is because of these men and women. If we have great Cathedrals and populous parish churches in which, thanks be to God, the clergy can minister to thousands in the tribunal of penance and at the holy table, find the reason in these unknown, selfless men and women who toil in our parish schools. They work, literally, in many instances, until the tired frame sinks down in utter weariness, and the voice that has led many to God is a whisper, and the busy hands are still. Then the Divine Teacher Who alone can fitly crown their martyrdom, comes to take them home, where the unrelenting struggle against wrong and ignorance is ended, and where there are no troublesome children, but only little angels, and no poor little schoolhouses, but only the glorious mansions of God!

All this is very well. We revere martyrs, and we pray to them, and the Church must have them. But I have never heard that it was any part of a Christian's duty to crowd the portals of the Heavenly City by helping to make martyrs. I have been rebuked for the statement but I repeat it, and if the style book of this Review permitted, I should reiterate it in large fat capitals. When are we going to begin to make life a little more comfortable for our Brothers and Sisters?

Viewed financially, it would be a good investment, for a jaded teacher is a teacher bereft of half his effectiveness. Besides, were they better fed and housed, they would last longer. Even a Ford needs a rest now and then. Should

these most mundane considerations offend the pious, let me add on the authority of St. Thomas, that a certain amount of comfort is necessary for the practice of virtue. For the Brother this might be, in the words of the late Rev. James J. Conway, S.J., my old professor of ethics, "a rickety rocking chair and a pipe," and for the Sister, the same with the exception of the pipe, for which something suitable could be substituted; possibly a subscription to AMERICA! But whatever the details, I would suggest for them, in lieu of a living wage, living conditions—food, recreation, amusement (the two frequently differ) and sleep—of a kind and duration calculated to fit them for their work, and to preserve them in it unimpaired.

The rest of us can help the good work by giving loyal support to every Catholic school, whether it be a kindergarten or a university. That, incidentally, is merely the duty of every Catholic. Our Lord Jesus Christ gave His life that every little child might have life everlasting. The Catholic teacher gives his life that the soul of the child, redeemed by Christ, may be formed and enlightened. We whose work lies in other fields can give by helping the Catholic child to find a place in the Catholic school. We bless ourselves, and we bless the child, and the good that comes to us and to the child is the sole earthly reward of the Catholic teacher.

With Scrip and Staff

KNOWING British respect for Parliament, Americans can understand why the members of the House of Commons were for a few moment "paralyzed into inactivity by the enormity of the offense" when John Beckett, Left Wing Labor member for Camberwell, seized, on July 16, the golden mace, a symbol of parliamentary authority, from the table before the Speaker's chair, and, hoisting it across his shoulder, marched to the exit with the cry, "Mr. Speaker, it's a damned disgrace!"

Our own House of Representatives has its mace, which has also lived through scenes as dramatic as that just mentioned, or that 300 years ago, when Oliver Cromwell, pointing to the mace, cried: "Take away that bauble!"

Yet the intensity of the indignation—"the worst scene witnessed in Parliament in 300 years," was the report—does bring a question to the mind. "A storm of indignation burst like a tornado from both sides of the House. . . . Prime Minister MacDonald stood there white and shaking . . . Vivid with anger, members shouted, "Get out of it! Get out of it!"—and Mr. Beckett was straightway suspended for disorderly conduct by a vote of 320 to 4. "Get out of it!" I presume, is what free-born Britons shout when they mean "Get out!" At any rate, they were mad clean through.

Why are Catholics, then, thought to be so benighted when they show respect for certain things which symbolize for them an authority higher even than Parliament, the sacred authority of Jesus Christ? If the mace is laid "reverently" on the Speaker's table, why so unreasonable if one bows to the crucifix, or gives it a place of honor in one's home?

Why be so painfully afraid of "the susceptibilities of

our non-Catholic friends"—as were the owners of one impressive home in which the Pilgrim not long ago set foot, rich in every work of art, in paintings, tapestries and sculptures—that not even a picture of the Mother of God be permitted on the walls of a guest room; still less such a "bigoted" idea as a lamp burning before a statue of the Sacred Heart in the hall?

And if a piece of wood covered with gold can be a fit symbol for human authority, why is it such foolishness to clothe man himself with authority delegated from above? One of our wise-cracking weekly contemporaries has for long since taken a special delight in holding up to ridicule the sober terms of respect with which Catholics speak of the man who represents for them the authority of Christ, as His Vicar and deputy on earth. Yet if all respect is to be confined to the person of the supreme Fount of authority, and if He is thought unable to clothe either man or object with any vestige of His own dignity, He in turn is deprived of the respect which is due to him.

Such respect men extend not only to objects and persons, but to names and titles as well. The name of Parliament, and the terms and verbal usages of Parliament or Congress, are held by common consent to be as sacred as the institution itself. So for us, the name *Catholic* is a sacred thing, which we venerate as expressing in one word much of the essence of our belief.

WHY is it, therefore, that we allow ourselves to be classified, especially in an official census, as "Roman Catholics"? *Pagan*

The term *Roman Catholic* in the sense given by the usual non-Catholic is simply a misnomer. We are not Roman Catholics when the word *Roman* is used in a distinctive sense; namely, as distinguishing one kind of Catholic from another. We are not Roman Catholics as distinguished from Old Catholics, Anglo-Catholics, or any other claimants to the term "Catholic." The distinguishing mark of our Church is precisely that she has no such definite appendage to her name, but firmly stands on her position that she is not a church or a denomination, but is the one true Catholic and alone is "Catholic." Nor can the title "Catholic," as Cardinal Patrizi pointed out in 1865, be conceded to any other religious society without "manifest heresy."

The term *Roman* as applied to the Catholic Church is descriptive. It is an attribute of the one Church Universal, just as her sanctity, oneness, or apostolicity. There is no more reason for defining the Catholic Church by the term "Roman" than there is for defining it as the One Church or the Holy Church, or the Apostolic Church. We say the "Catholic and Roman Church" in the sense that we say "the blue sky," or "the good God," not with any implication that there may be some other sky that is blue or some other god that is not good.

Have we American Catholics erred in allowing the title *Roman Catholic* to be too easily attached to us? The use of the simple term *Catholic* without any other appendage does not violate the principles of interdenominational comity, nor should such a use imply any recognition on their part of our claims of being the only true Church.

For instance, a Catholic or an Episcopalian has no hesitation in referring to the "Christian Church" or to the "Church of the Living God," and the "Latter-Day Saints," since these are simply the official title of those bodies that they accept for themselves. The use of such a self-constituted title does not imply that the members of other denominations who use that title as a means of designation thereby imply any recognition of the value of the title in itself. We simply call people what they call themselves.

If I were a shrewd heresiarch instead of being dull and orthodox I should immediately set up a "Catholic Church," plain and simple, and usurp that coign of vantage in interdenominational nomenclature which we by our acceptance of "Roman Catholic" as our designation so genially are apt to forfeit.

THE editorial words of our good friends of the *Living Church*, in their issue for June 28, show how different is the concept of the word *Catholic* to those who claim it by age-long inheritance and those who have adopted it for their own particular group.

We are Catholics; and because we are, the experience of the Church of all ages and all lands must necessarily be our guide. Between Catholicism and Romanism we find such a gap as is not bridged; we do not say it cannot be, because we believe that in the good time when the Holy Spirit finds the fullness of time to have come, He will point the way to a Catholic unity of the whole Church which many have sought in our day and have not found. Until He does each of us is bound to do our duty in that state of life to which God calls us.

To which the obvious reply is, that "Catholic unity of the whole Church" was given to it by its Founder, Jesus Christ, as its most essential characteristic at its very foundation; that this unity never could be lost, never has been lost, and is found today plainly in the one only world-wide, age-old religious body which claims for itself the name *Catholic*; and that no way need be pointed towards constructing it, but only to recognizing it on the part of all human kind.

The writer continues (*italics mine*):

Specifically, we know of no good reason why the whole Church, Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of England about Canterbury and York, and strangers of America and the West, should be forced into obedience to an Italian bishop.

The only "forcing" is that of free conviction. But the reason why the Bishop of an Italian See can speak to all such races and persons, is today the same as it was on the day of Pentecost, namely that Peter spoke then to *all in the name of all*; and his successor does so today.

If the development of Roman primacy, remarks the writer (*italics his*) "was in accordance with the will of the Holy Spirit, He, working in the Church, will guide us as a Church to accept it, in His own good time," and not compel us to find our way individually.

Which theory might work if one could be sure of individual immortality. But how find your way into the Church, either "as a Church" or any other way, if you are personally no longer living?

THE PILGRIM.

Literature

The Poet Writes Prose

MARGARET KNIGHTFIELD

DEAR Literary Editor: I made up my mind this morning to write prose, a state I get into whenever I come to an impasse in poetry.

I was working on a sonnet, for the most part the lines coming as "naturally"—according to Keats' prescription—"as leaves to the tree," until I came to the second in the octet. My usual custom is to write sonnets by backing the octet up to the sestet, a practice which is quite justified by Prof. Lascelles Abercrombie's dictum in his "Theory of Poetry." You will remember he says:

With the last word of the poem a unique moment of imaginative experience has completely elaborated and exquisitely defined itself. It was in order to effect this unique moment in our minds that the whole verbal art of the poem was designed; this was throughout the motive of the art, this was the presiding purpose, this was the urgency which called the art into existence, this was, in fact, the inspiration of the poem. This moment of imaginative experience which possesses our minds the moment the poem is finished, possessed the poet's mind the instant the poem began.

In my case, such a moment of imaginative experience transmutes itself bodily into a last line. This morning I had an especially good one, impossible as to rhythm, unimpeachably iambic: "Where constant wheels each circumpolar star."

All was going well, then, with my sonnet until I had worked up to that second line in the octet: it insisted on a trochee. It may be that I shall never build a "Moment's Monument," but never, while I hold a pen, shall I let it erect that moment's tombstone by using a trochee or a dactyl in an iambic line. No wrenched syllables! In this I am a purist.

It was while I was still in this poetic blind alley, feeling very much like that centipede who was "happy quite, until the toad in fun, asked him which leg went after which; that worked his mind to such a pitch, he lay distracted in a ditch, considering how to run," that I heard the postman bang the box lid and I knew AMERICA had come—

Your article in the issue of June 14, dear Literary Editor, entitled "Some Words with the Poets," enlivened and depressed me. I forgot my poetic feet and left them to distangle themselves. For one thing, I was sorry to see that among those phrases and individual words the use of which might impel the editor to reach for a rejection card, you included *star*. I had had a moment's doubt about that otherwise perfect last line; sometimes it has seemed to me that *star* has lost its glitter. But I couldn't say "where constant wheels each circumpolar planet." Pure iambic, or nothing, for me! I compromised with my literary conscience by promising myself that I would under no circumstances—even to the abandonment of the thing altogether—rhyme *star* with *avatar*. So I was sad to see it in your list.

Depressing as this was, there was yet something very stimulating to me in the tone of your article. Lately, when I have been floundering around in poetic ditches, there has echoed in my mind with all the heavy beat of

Horace Greeley's advice to the ambitious young man, "Go West, young man, go West!" this parallel admonitory refrain, write prose, young woman, write prose! But who will tell me how to write prose? The Literary Editor, I said to myself this morning, after reading your article.

The Critic, who is half-English but wholly Irish, has, at times, to remind me that what is kindly meant should be kindly taken. I can assure you that I, for one, have taken your advice kindly, so much so, that, with confidence, I say to myself, on being asked, you will be good enough to tell me in regard to prose what subjects to avoid. It would save me a lot of trouble. I have in mind a subject for an essay. Should it prove to be included in an editorial list of themes to be avoided, had I better not stop before I begin?

It is this—. But first, let me tell you, dear Literary Editor, how I came to decide upon writing essays. The essay, it seems to me, is such an elastic form—it may be stretched to include anything from eggs to Aristotle—still, on looking into the dictionary, I see that it can not be stretched too far, being a literary composition, analytical or interpretative, from a more or less limited or *personal* standpoint. That's the way Robert Lynd deals with his brown egg, from a very personal standpoint; and Charles Lamb—his essays are full of himself; Mr. Belloc is not absent from "On"; and even Virginia Woolf, that most impersonal of essayists, cannot entirely eliminate herself.

Now, I have a subject. But is it a good one? It is not strictly mine, but the Critic's. However, as I interpret it, his promise to endow me with all his worldly goods includes his *bons mots*. This is of such. I should want you to know, dear Literary Editor, that I have his permission to use it, having found it a dangerous practice to write about people without telling them you are going to. Once I wrote a poem about him: when he read it in AMERICA, I got into hot water—very. So now I always tell him first.

It was in Venice:—. But I am forgetting to give you the Critic's criticism on my subject. It was a little disconcerting and has driven me to appeal to a higher authority. "Gosh!" he said, "you're a regular Vincent Crummles!" "How am I?" I demanded. He reached over his shoulder, took *Nicholas Nickleby* off the shelf, and read me this:

"You can be useful to us in a hundred ways," said Mr. Crummles. "Think what capital bills a man of your education could write for the shop windows."

"Well, I think I could manage that department," said Nicholas.

"To be sure you could," replied Mr. Crummles. "For further information, see small hand-bills—we might have half a volume in every one of 'em. Prices, too; why, you could write us a piece to bring out the whole strength of the company, whenever we wanted one."

"I am not quite so confident about that," replied Nicholas. "But I dare say I could scribble something now and then that would suit you."

"We'll have a new show-piece out directly," said the Manager. "Let me see, peculiar resources of this establishment—new and splendid scenery—you must manage to introduce a real pump and two washing tubs."

"Into the piece!" said Nicholas. "Yes," replied the Manager. "I bought 'em cheap at a sale the other day; and they'll come

in admirable. That's the London plan. They look up some dresses, and properties, and have a piece written to fit them. Most of the theatres keep an author on purpose."

"Indeed!" cried Nicholas.

"Oh, yes," said the Manager, "a common thing. It'll look very well in the bills in separate lines. Real pump! Splendid tubs! A great attraction! You don't happen to be anything of an artist, do you?"

"That is not one of my accomplishments," rejoined Nicholas.

"Oh, then it can't be helped," said the Manager. "If you had been we might have had a large woodcut of the last scene for the posters, showing the whole depth of the stage, with the pump and tubs in the middle."

"There you are!" said the Critic, shoving the book into place. "You have a 'pump and two washing tubs' and you want to write an essay around them."

But it can be done. I feel sure that Lamb wrote "My Relations" just so he could use that magical little phrase about his aunt: "Splitting French beans and dropping them into a china basin of fair water."

But I think the best thing I can do is to tell you what it was the Critic said and ask you if it will do as a subject for an essay. But it occurs to me that you may very well ask if I have any other qualifications as an essayist before giving me your advice.

I know that there's a subtlety about these simple-appearing essays. Do not think, dear Literary Editor, that I don't know, elastic as is the form, that unity must be preserved. There are a lot of little things I noticed in Venice that I haven't seen in Henry James or William Dean Howells, how, for instance, a small boy hung by his heels from the top rail of one of the narrow arching bridges over the canals, and made faces upside down at me in the gondola underneath, and said, "Yah! yah! Deutsch!" to me because I have blue eyes—but I know that that has nothing to do with what the Critic said about the pigeons. And the same way about Florian's. It was rather fun to sit at one of those little iron-legged tables and eat ice cream by demolishing a miniature campanile, and to be knowing all the time that Florian's is the famous out-door café in St. Mark's Piazza mentioned by Thackeray and all the others. Why, yes! on second thought, I could bring that in, because we were sitting there when he said it. And, of course, I want to assure you in advance that I wouldn't use any clichés about Venice: silent waterways; night on Venice waters; the calm lagoon; bathing at the Lido; Ca' d'oro; mosquito curtains around the beds at night. I could tell you about the bells of Venice—those hourly pealing, swiftly praising, gravely intoning bells of Venice that hem the quiet air with a design of gold-and-silver spattering—but I am saving that up for a poem. Then, too, I am aware that the technique of prose differs from that of verse; I shall keep in mind what Mr. Belloc says of the manner of prose, that you must reduce the adjectives to a minimum. That is to say, I understand, that if one were writing prose, one would say that there are a lot of church bells in Venice.

Well, then, dear Literary Editor, having, I hope, reassured you on these points, I feel emboldened to ask if you think I could make anything of this: we were sitting at a table eating ices and looking at the crowds of tourists—an astonishing number of Germans among them,

the women very well dressed, too; it's easy for them to come down through Austria, you know. But this is irrelevant.

Well, the thing is we were looking at the tourists feeding the pigeons. Please! Don't reach, in fancy, for that rejection card just yet! I know that's as old as the hills, but I want to tell you what the Critic said. You know how those pigeons are fed from morning till night out of little paper cornucopias of grain that the venders sell for a lira at the stands. The same pigeons, day after day, month after month, year after year.

The Critic put down his spoon and looked at me with a semblance of grave pondering.

"What?" I said obligingly.

"I am thinking of the *genius* of those pigeons," he said.

"Genius?" I repeated blankly.

"Yes; they have an infinite capacity for taking grains."

REVIEWS

Midstream: My Later Life. By HELEN KELLER. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$3.00.

Twenty-five years ago Helen Keller published the first section of her autobiography, "The Story of My Life." She was young then, scarcely more than a girl. Though her life had been strenuous, she had found warm friends and, by sheer force of courage, she had overcome appalling obstacles. Blind, deaf and dumb from early childhood, she was able, at the end of her college days, to face the world on equal terms with other women, asking no more of it than it gave to them. Naturally, she was optimistic and she might have remained so had she been less sensitive, less intelligent, less eager to play her full part in the world's affairs. The years recorded in "Midstream" have not embittered her but they have modified her earlier outlook greatly. "As time went on," she says, "my thoughtless optimism was transmuted into that deeper faith which weighs the ugly facts of the world, yet hopes for better things and keeps working for them even in the face of defeat." Most reflective people come to that view at some time or other of their lives, but what strikes one in Miss Keller's case is the healthiness, so to speak, of her inner growth. Her purely personal sorrows have had very little to do with it. In one half isolated, as it were, by nature such selflessness is more than a little remarkable. If her own afflictions have interested her it is because so many others are similarly afflicted; in this, as in other matters her chief concern has been humanity itself. Her sympathies, it is true, have got the better of her judgment on more than one occasion and in her eagerness to remedy social ills she has favored cures which would prove, in the long run, far more grievous than the ills themselves—socialism, for instance, and birth control. Like many another, too, she has been fooled by the rhetoric of the Bolsheviks and she actually believes—or did, at one time—that the thieves in the Kremlin have only the good of the race at heart. But she is no fanatic and it is hard to believe that these delusions will dominate her always. Taken by and large her life story is healthy reading for a generation altogether too sorry for itself. D. P. M.

The Mystic Will. By HOWARD H. BRINTON, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

This is a subtly strange and weirdly interesting book. Doctor Brinton explicitly states that "the purpose of this story is twofold. Its primary aim is to interpret Jacob Boehme's answer to the central problem of the Philosophy of Mysticism. It also presents a survey of the nature and historical significance of positive ethical types of Mysticism." Acquiescing in the appropriation to the celebrated shoemaker of Görlitz of the rather arbitrary title of "Father of German Philosophy," he adds further to his laurels by claiming that "no mystic drew from wider sources than he, nor has any served as leader for a more extensive and varied following. . . . What Thomas Aquinas was to Catholicism, such was

Jacob Boehme to Protestant Mysticism." The character and entire experience of Jacob Boehme were dominated by two absorbing interests: he was a fervent lover of nature and a devout worshipper of God. He felt within him a strong attraction towards a mystic union with the one, and he experienced an equally strong attraction towards a mystic union with the other. The source of this attraction he firmly believed to exist in two wills or modes of activity, the one an "own will," which is directed outwardly into nature towards the finite sensible, and the other a "resigned will," which is directed inwardly towards the infinite supersensible. Boehme finally evolved a type of mysticism which Doctor Brinton calls "voluntaristic," because its goal is neither an inner static unity nor an outer static totality, but a harmonized activity of the will which goes from one goal to the other and back again. This, he concludes, is not wholly a nature mysticism, nor is it wholly a religious mysticism, but a happy blending of the two in a mysticism of life which seeks both nature and God. The author elaborately and patiently develops the famous seven nature forms by which Boehme presumed to explain everything. Doctor Brinton, attempting to evaluate Catholic mysticism, manifests clearly that he knows very little, if anything, about it. Even an elementary knowledge would show that the Platonic ideas of God, of the human soul, and of the relation of one to the other, were quite different from the teaching of the Catholic Church on the same subjects. It is wrong to infer that Catholic Mysticism is a running away from active life to lose oneself in the inactivity of a "negative way." It has been well stated that the ideal of Christian Mysticism is not an ideal of apathy but of energy, and a striving after an annihilation of individuality was always a mark of mock mysticism. The "Spiritual Exercises" of St. Ignatius would help the learned Doctor to solve and settle in a very much more sane and sensible way the problem of reconciling and harmonizing the finite and the infinite. The life of "Everybody's Saint Francis" would supply him with a living example of a real love of nature combined with a devout and perfect love of God. "The Spiritual Journal of Lucie Christine" would show how the mother of five children attained the mystic union that the German philosopher so ardently desired, even in the midst of a busy and extremely active world.

J. A. L.

Grandeur and Misery of Victory. By GEORGES CLEMENCEAU. Translated by F. M. ATKINSON. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$5.00.

Few recent works have occasioned more comment than these memoirs of the War-time Premier of France. Standing on the brink of the grave (the book was completed a few hours before the author's death, on November 24, 1929), the old man of eighty-seven, who in past battles had merited the sobriquet of the "Tiger," in one supreme effort, poured out all the accumulated rancor of his bitterly disappointed soul. Men were surprised, even those who had reason to know what a temper was Clemenceau's. Such a conservative newspaper as the New York *Times* did not hesitate, in broad headlines, to characterize the book as a "Hymn of Hate." Although it would be folly to claim the volume had no merits, it is the barbed phrases that stick in one's mind. Even the proposed League of Nations does not escape such censures as "a maid of all work," "talky-talk and super-talky-talk." But it was the criticisms passed upon him by Foch in his conversations with Raymond Recouly that aroused Clemenceau to action. There was nothing very new or unjust in these criticisms, but the former Minister had long been angry with the Marshal, with Poincaré, Briand and everybody else who helped safely to guide the destinies of France during the past decade. If he had been chosen President of France, these memoirs might never have been written; at least they would have had another tone. But the "Tiger" who had so great an opinion of himself, could not bear to be left aside (while Foch was apotheosized) and his native land got on very well without him. Therefore everything was wrong. He damns the great General with faint praise and with malicious charges. Foch is the bogey that turns up everywhere in the book; he actually appears to haunt the old man. Nor do Poincaré, Briand, and the other governmental leaders, though mentioned less

frequently, suffer a much kinder fate (occasionally deserved, it must be admitted). In spite of attempts at fairness, in describing famous Americans who disappointed him, he cannot suppress such phrases as "Pershing, who did not want to obey," "President Wilson, the inspired prophet of a noble ideological venture," "Mr. Hoover, . . . conspicuous for the stiffness of the man whose nerves are at the end of their tether," "the ineffable group of malcontents—Robert Lansing . . . etc." He scores Lloyd George and the English, President Wilson, the Senate, and Americans in general, whom he regards as money-grabbers. He wants the Germans to pay their entire debts, and yet is angry that Germany is prosperous enough to pay anything. He is broken-hearted at what he terms the "Mutilations of the Treaty of Versailles," and America's separate peace with Germany. In the main these memoirs are immensely disappointing. It is rumored that the official defense of Foch has been entrusted to a leading Catholic member of the French Academy.

R. G.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The "Catholic Mind."—The August 8 issue of the *Catholic Mind* contains three very instructive papers. The first is a letter of the Rt. Rev. William Hayden, Bishop of Wilcannia-Forbes, Australia, on "The Study and Use of the Breviary." Though primarily directed to the members of his clergy, His Lordship's wise and scholarly counsel will be welcomed by all priests desirous of learning more about the Divine Office. Dr. George Johnson's address, entitled "Abiding Values in Inherited Religion," was delivered before the twenty-seventh annual convention of the Religious Education Association, last April, and may be described as a powerful defense of early instruction in religion. The last paper, an excerpt from a Pastoral letter of the Most Rev. Richard Downey, Archbishop of Liverpool, is, as its title suggests, an eloquent appeal for "Loyalty to the Church."

Language Classes.—With the approach of a new scholastic year principals and teachers will be on the alert to discover new texts for their classes. Teachers of second year Latin will look forward to the new term with a sense of joyous security because they may have the help of "Latin II" (American Book Co. \$1.72), by Henry Carr Pearson and Lillie Maria Lawrence. Like the earlier book, this text aims to follow the recommendations of The Classical Investigation as to content and method. Up to the point where the reading of Caesar is begun, the book follows exactly the method of presentation used in "Latin I." One special feature of the book is the emphasis given to the relation of Latin to English. The lessons are orderly arranged, clearly presented, and well illustrated with the help of maps and pictures.

In "The Climax Series" of Latin textbooks, Lillian Gay Berry and Josephine L. Lee have included "Latin—Second Year" (Silver, Burdett. \$1.80). This book is the product of many years' experience both in teaching Latin to pupils in the second year of high school and in conducting courses for teachers who were teaching or were to teach Latin in the second year. A noteworthy feature of this text is the literary background it builds up by the suggested collateral readings in English. The authors have aimed throughout at giving a knowledge of Roman life, institutions, ideals, literature and men of letters, and of the influence of these on civilization.

Teachers of French will give generous welcome and hearty approval to "The New Chardenal: Complete French Course" (Allyn & Bacon. \$1.80), revised and edited by Wilfrid H. Grosjean. This edition retains the qualities that have made the original book so popular and successful for elementary instruction in French. In the work of revision Professor Grosjean has taken advantage of his long use of the original "Chardenal" in the classroom to make the work still simpler and to add numerous devices which experience has proved to be a help to both pupil and to teacher. "Mes Premières Lectures" (Silver, Burdett. \$1.20), by Louis J. A. Mercier, is a beginning reader which can be used in either senior high school or junior high school. It is designed as an integral step in developing linguistic control through the Oral-Self-Expression Method. Benjamin W. Mitchell, Ph.D.,

has edited for school use a delightful series of essays by Victor Forbin, under the title "Nos Amis Les Bêtes" (Silver, Burdett. \$1.08). These interesting stories will help to remove some of the dullness and darkness for American boys and girls who grope through a foreign text.

"Segundo de Español" (Silver, Burdett. \$1.44), by Louis Imbert and Francisco Piñol, is intended as an approach to conversation and as an intermediate step in expression. This text has been prepared as a continuation of "Fundamentals of Spanish," by the same authors. It can be used independently in the second or third year of the study of Spanish.

Philosophical Studies.—The value of "An Introduction to Philosophy" (Longmans, Green. \$3.00), by Jacques Maritain, becomes apparent when one recalls that this author has been pronounced "one of the most distinguished of modern philosophers." This is the first book of a proposed series intended to provide textbooks for a regular university course as it is found in France. The present volume, treating of the nature and classification of philosophy has been arranged to serve the general reader as well as the student, and aims to give a presentation of the system of Aristotle and St. Thomas, and in its light to judge the important systems which have followed each other during the last three centuries and the principal problems discussed by modern philosophy. Written for beginners, this work makes no attempt to reproduce "the depth and wealth of subtle dialectic" which delight the specialist, but the book preserves the scientific character of philosophical exposition.

In a brief, clear, direct presentation and in an orderly arrangement in thesis form, Anthony C. Cotter, S.J., explains the fundamental principles of scholastic philosophy in "Logic and Epistemology" (Stratford. \$2.00). Father Cotter, for many years a teacher of philosophy in Jesuit houses of studies, has written a textbook that will serve to give the students in our Catholic colleges an encouraging beginning in this important branch of study and help them to build a solid foundation for their intellectual and moral life. Though the book is intended mainly for use in the classroom, it may be studied with profit by those who can give only their leisure moments to acquire a knowledge of these fundamentals.

Dr. Paul J. Glenn, Professor of Philosophy in the College of St. Charles Borromeo, Columbus, has prepared two excellent class manuals for students of philosophy: "Dialectics: A Manual in Formal Logic" (Herder. \$1.50) and "Ethics" (Herder. \$2.00). The author warns his prospective readers that his treatise on Dialectics is "a serious attempt to present the essentials of a noble science. It is no cheap or flippant attempt to entertain those who study it." The author has set himself a rigid set of rules to which he has carefully adhered. As a reward, shared with the students, he has produced clear, comprehensive, and well-organized texts for classes in Catholic philosophy.

Multum in Parvo.—As a souvenir of the past year of lectures, *extra curricula*, at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., two orations by Claude G. Bowers, "Civil and Religious Liberty. Jefferson: O'Connell," (Holy Cross College. \$1.00), are presented, with copious annotations, in a very attractive booklet. It would be hard to find so much practical and effective information on one of the most important issues of the day in a more convenient form. The text of these orations exhibits their author, one of the foremost editorial writers and orators of our era, at his best. In the annotations that make up the second part of this timely and valuable compilation there is a striking indication of the Catholic source of Jefferson's political philosophy and several notable elegiac appreciations of O'Connell's character and life work. The editor of the booklet is the Rev. Michael Earls, S.J., to whose industry and research the annotations must be credited.

Historical Records.—In the July number of *Mid-America*, the quarterly review of the Illinois Catholic Historical Society, Georges Rigault leads with a paper on "The Martyrs of New France," a

timely record of our new American Saints. Other contributors are Matthias M. Hoffman, on "The Winnebago Missions: a Cause Célèbre"; and Lawrence P. McHattie on "Senator Thomas Henry Carter." News and Comments and a number of book reviews fill out the remaining pages.

E. Ward Loughran treats the vexed question "Did a Priest Accompany Columbus in 1492?" in the July issue of the *Catholic Historical Review* of which the Rev. Dr. Peter Guilday is the editor. The Rev. Robert Howard Lord writes of "The Parliaments of the Middle Ages and the Early Modern Period"; the Rev. F. S. Betten, S.J., of "A Justification of Innocent III"; Rev. L. Gougau, O.S.B., of "The Celtic Liturgies Historically Considered" and the Rev. Peter Leo Johnson on "An Experiment in Historical Method." The *Review* is published at the Catholic University, Washington.

At a recent audience that the Rector of the Catholic University, Msgr. Ryan, had with the Holy Father in Rome, the Pope had on his desk, according to the cable, three theses prepared by Sisters who had studied at the University and expressed his great pleasure at the initiative they thus displayed and the historical research indicated. The list of the theses lately published at the University is notable. It includes: "St. John Chrysostom's Homilies on the Statues: A Study of their Rhetorical Qualities and Form," by Sister Mary Albana Burns, S.N.D.; "S. Aureli Augustini Hipponensis Episcopi de Doctrina Christiana, Liber Quartus: A Commentary, with a Revised Text, Introduction, and Translations," by Sister Thérèse Sullivan, M.A., S.N.D.; "St. Basil and Monasticism," by Sister Margaret Gertrude Murphy, A.B., of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, Kentucky; "An Empirical Study of Children's Interests in Spiritual Reading," by Sister Mary Eugenia Kealy of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Scranton, Pennsylvania; "Etude sur la Poésie et sur le Vocabulaire de Loys Papon, Poète Forézien du XVI^e Siècle," by Sister Mary Jerome Keller, O.S.B., Atchison, Kansas; "Anti-Papal Legislation in Medieval England (1066-1377)," by John Tracy Ellis, A.M.; "Thomas Dongan, Governor of New York (1682-1688)" by John H. Kennedy, S.T.L., A.M., O.M.I.

Life of Christ.—The last volume of Fillion's "Life of Christ" (Herder: St. Louis. \$4.00), will be welcomed by those who have learned from the two previous volumes, to appreciate the rich treasures of learning and piety that are here presented in so simple a narrative form, through the medium of Dr. Thompson's excellent translation. The directness and easy grace of the narratives are such that few can open the book without longing to continue reading the Story of Stories indefinitely. The present volume is divided: Part IV: the last epoch of the Public Life of Our Lord; Part V: His Suffering Life; Part VI: His Glorified Life, ending with the Ascension. As in the other volumes, there are the pithy Appendices, refuting succinctly rationalistic objections. The handsome, large type and light weight of the rather bulky volume add much to the comfort of the reader. Father Fillion's "Life of Christ" should be in every spiritual library.

Strivings After Humor.—Carl Sandburg, the author of Rootabaga Stories for children, has written a small volume of them for adult readers, "Potato Face" (Harcourt, Brace. \$1.50). "The genius of nonsense in man" the blurb reminds us, "long ago gave rise to the gargoyle, to the humor that rests us from tragedy." Whatever truth that statement may hold, there is little promise of the special kind of nonsense which cavorts through this book averting any grim tragedy, but rather there seems to be a dangerous threat of this nonsense without genius leading to tragic disappointment. There is little fun for adults in this book which seems to be without genuine humor, satire or subtlety. Perhaps this speaking, living gargoyle has the wrong audience. Children might enjoy "The Yinder Yonder," "Quish and Quee," "Choo Choo and Chin Chin"; they might even find delight in "Pigeon Foot" and "Fog Wisp" but adults will find little interest and less humor in the Potato Face Blind Man who "sits with his accordion on the corner next nearest the post office."

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Catholics in Brazil

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The letter of Senhor Paulo Sa, of the Catholic Association of University Students at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, was very much to the point. It suggests this question, why does not someone write an article entitled "Do We Catholics Love Latin America?" for publication in your valuable review?

In Brazil today there are six foreign and twenty-five native clergymen of the Anglican Church. The Southern Cross School, the Seminario Portalegreense are in operation, a training school for native girls is contemplated. Should these facts not put our American Catholics to shame for their lethargy in the face of this active and effective proselytism? Should we enumerate the activities of the so-called Evangelical groups and what they are doing in Brazil, backed as they are by the generous financial support of their American communicants, our American Catholics should be forced to garb themselves with sackcloth and ashes in penance for their gross neglect.

There is perhaps something to be said for the average American Catholic to explain his apparent lack of interest in South and Central American Missions. Firstly, we seldom, if ever, read or hear of conditions in Latin American Mission districts. We take it for granted that the Spanish and Portuguese padres were equal to the task they had to do and so we accept Latin American Countries as Catholic. With this attitude and our parochialism we would no sooner offer to help the Missions of Brazil than we would give money to convert the people of the Irish Free State or Spain. That our impressions on this subject are wrong savors very much of heresy. We fail to take many things into consideration—the fewness of priests, the number of souls to whom they try to minister, the dire poverty of many thousands in the country districts, illiteracy among the people, effect of the change of status of church and state after the revolutions and wars for independence, anti-clerical propaganda, influence of radical philosophy on the various state constitutions in Latin American places.

The time is not far distant when American Catholic Missionaries will be trained for Latin American work to take their places with their sacerdotal collaborators of other nationalities in the Missions of Brazil and all of Latin America and when American laymen will give to this as generously as they always give to Catholic Apostolic work. Then, and not till then can we begin to lift our heads. God speed the day!

Richmond Hill, N. Y.

FRAY JUAN PABLO.

The Ethical Price

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is true that Catholic authorities do not agree with the expression that "The ethical price for any commodity is the highest price the market will bear," but it is not that they are less liberal than the writer in the matter of profits but that they are much more liberal. Catholic authorities allow a 20-cent charge for interest in every dollar's worth of goods purchased in this country, because they allow five per cent interest as a "fair compensation" for mere capital. Interest on capital is paid out of the product. So great is profit in the form of interest that it is the cause, and the sole cause, of "surplus" products and general unemployment.

But what is "the highest price the market will bear"? It is the price or prices at which all the goods on the market can be sold, and that is the proper price and therefore the ethical price. A lesser price or prices would bar from the possession of goods those who perhaps were in great need of them and willing to pay the higher price; certainly a lesser price than the highest market price would create a demand greater than the supply. Yet, paradoxically, the highest market price ought to be a much lower price than prevails under the present system.

Of course, the writer is not seeking the interests of the capitalists. Far from it. What he is driving at is incorporated in Father Ryan's "Living Wage," under the heading, "The Teaching of Christian Theological and Ethical Writers":

The just price in any market being determined by the appraisal of the general public, it was said to be measured by the "communis aestimatio." To ascertain the just price of any article, account had to be taken of its general utility, scarcity and cost of production. The last element, which in the Middle Ages was chiefly represented by labor expenditure, was regarded as the most important. When, therefore, the medieval theologians and canonists taught that a just price should be paid for every commodity, and that its chief determinant was labor-cost, they virtually insisted that the laborer should be paid just wages.

An exception taken to the quoted matter is that the cost of production in the Middle Ages must have been entirely represented by labor expenditure, if the directors of industry were properly regarded as workers, since there was no charge for interest.

The point that the writer wishes to make is this: AMERICA sees great wrong in monopoly prices but does not attack the fundamental wrong in all prices; for instance, that when the United States boasts of foreign investments of one billion a year there is a price added to the general product of that amount which represents the labor of 666,666 workers at an average wage of \$1500.

Providence.

M. P. CONNERY.

Seventeenth Century Church Bells

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Some months ago I wrote in reference to a small French bell which was stolen in the later years of the seventeenth century from a Catholic chapel at Port Royal in Nova Scotia and brought to Beverly, Mass., where it was placed in the belfry of a Protestant meeting-house. Lately, Mr. Daniel Sullivan of Watertown, Conn., a reader of AMERICA, wrote me, giving me an extract from an old book, now out of print ("Historic Towns of the Connecticut River Valley," by George S. Roberts), in which, on page 379, was the following:

... There is a tradition that one of the causes of the attack on Deerfield (Mass.) with its murders and torture, was due to Roman Catholic superstition. The priest of the St. Regis Indians had induced them to provide sufficient furs for the purpose of purchasing a small bell for the mission [in Canada] in which the French taught them the gentle art of saving their souls by murdering and torturing their fellow-Christians of a different creed [!].

The ship in which this bell was being brought to Canada was captured by a British cruiser and, with its freight, was sold in Salem, Mass., to provide the prize money for the captors. The bell was bought at auction and eventually reached Deerfield, where it was hung in the tower of the little church. That a Holy Catholic bell should call those heretics [in Deerfield] to their mock worship of the Creator was more than that gentle Father of the St. Regis could bear, so he persuaded the St. Regis Indians to offer their services in an expedition against the heretic settlement that they might thus recover the bell. The good Father recovered his bell and, incidentally, no doubt, his children of the forest saved themselves many of the pains of Purgatory by dashing out the brains of heretic infants, and by the murder of Mrs. Williams. . . .

This weird tradition, colored strongly by the bigotry of the historian, is worth recalling at this time, when Massachusetts historians (recognized and pseudo) are recounting and eulogizing the deeds of the Puritan pioneers of the seventeenth century.

Whether the bell of Deerfield is the same one as the stolen bell of Beverly is a question. I am of the opinion that it is not. For the Beverly bell called the Protestant townfolk up to the early years of the eighteenth century. It was probably sold then to another Protestant congregation. The French bell, stolen from the belfry of the little Catholic chapel at Port Royal, was brought down the coast by Massachusetts soldiers and landed at Beverly. The Deerfield bell, probably en route to France, was captured at sea by a ship in the employ of the Province of Massachusetts. Some old meeting-house in New England may have the Beverly bell. It is very probable, however, that it was melted down and used for ammunition, like so many others, by the Massachusetts patriots in the stirring days of the Revolution.

Boston.

GEORGE F. O'DWYER